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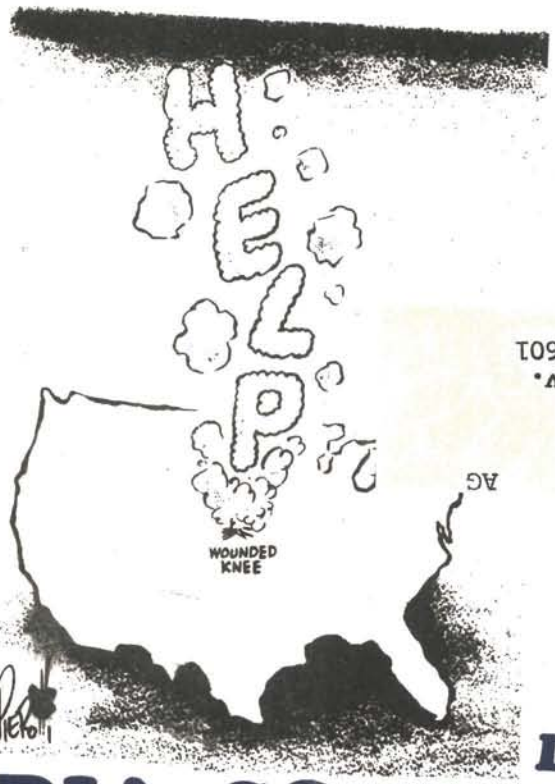

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Wounded Knee

Desmond Smith

THE MEDIA COUP D'ETAT

COMMODITY EXCHANGES

The High Cost of Food Gambling

CLARK MOLLENHOFF, JAMES RISSER, GEORGE ANTHAN

INDONESIA: WEALTH & SQUALOR

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POETS IN CRISIS

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LETTERS

open up the Hiss files

Centreville, Md.

DEAR SIRS: I congratulate *The Nation* for "New Light on the Hiss Case," by Raymond A. Werchen and Fred J. Cook (May 28). The case has long deserved review in the interests of correcting one of the most prolonged American injustices to stain the 20th century.

Mr. Cook and the editors of *The Nation* are by no means alone in reflecting upon the political trials of Alger Hiss which Richard Nixon exploited even as late as last fall, in the wake of the vile Watergate affair, to prop up his political career.

Although the U.S. Government was mercifully unsuccessful in subsequent political trials over the years—Dr. Spock, the Berrigans, the Chicago conspiracy case, Ellsberg, etc.—the contrived prosecution of Alger Hiss, in which Nixon played an odious and exploitative role—has remained for a whole generation a successful inquisition in need of expiation. . . .

Alger Hiss has survived through these many years with discipline, resourcefulness, dignity and courage. . . . Nixon has, even in the days of his disgrace, the power to compel the release to scholars, investigators and journalists of all the files and withheld documents bearing on the Hiss case and the two trials mounted against him. He could achieve some small measure of redemption if he exercised this legitimate power, but he probably won't.

Therefore, others in positions of power who care about justice, who perhaps remain uneasy about those earlier Nixon-McCarthy years when so many people were exiled or ruined, must be persuaded to make the amends the nation needs for its own redemption. It isn't Alger Hiss who needs rehabilitation. *William Rodgers*

normal behavior

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The behavior of the Nixon Administration, the absence of any signs of moral indignation in the face of the Watergate exposures, the continuing secrecy as policy, is simply the normal behavior of the American business corporation.

Compare the Administration's reaction to Watergate with the typical chain of events in antitrust price-fixing indictments. Step one, denial of everything; "events will prove us innocent; it is the policy of this company to comply strictly with all provisions of federal laws." Step two, very quietly accept a no-contest settlement admitting no guilt, but promising to discontinue the practice they have denied in step one. Step three, quietly find new jobs for the executives involved.

In the Watergate affair, we have seen step one and are muddling toward step two. The Watergate publicity is now so strong, however, that it is impossible for the prosecution to offer a no-contest escape, though the guilty pleas accepted from the original burglars was an attempt in this direction, and was in effect so labeled by Judge Sirica. Another difference between private and public practice, which may prove critical, is that while a corporation generally sticks by its thieving agents, the Watergate gang is already splitting up and starting to squeal in the absence of reliable protection from the top.

Secrecy is of course the cornerstone of American business policy. Like Nixon's secrecy, it is based on the need for "security." The corporations declare they cannot allow figures, records, memoranda to become public because this would injure their competitive position. . . . How can anyone expect to fix the responsibility for, say, the oil shortage, without inspecting the confidential files of the big oil companies? As in government, the statements given to the public are one thing; the information exchanged between executives, between departments, and even between companies, is a horse of another color. *Sam Moore*

EDITORIALS

The President Is Hooked

It could have been predicted that the President would say that he was taking "strong action" to curb inflation; the phrase was inevitable. But his proposals are not strong; in fact they represent the minimum necessary to create an appearance of anti-inflationary activity. The President was right in not imposing a freeze on wages and correct in stating that current wage demands have not been a significant inflationary pressure. But it is difficult to see how a freeze on wholesale and retail food prices with no controls on unprocessed agricultural products will ease pressures on food prices. The freeze will simply impose a ceiling on existing high price levels. What is most worrisome about Phase 3½ is that it does not face up to the problems presented by "the new inflation."

Arms spending has become a recourse for stabilizing capitalist economies; it is, in effect, a "narcotic" to which they are now addicted. At the same time, popular awareness of Keynesian pump-priming techniques has made it politically very difficult, if not impossible, for governments to tolerate a large-scale deflation. To these factors should be added the growth of monopoly power, which mocks the notion of price competition in many sectors of the economy.

With these factors staring them in the face, Messrs. Shultz, Stein and Butz—Connally apparently does not fully share their views, and in any case is departing from the White House—continue to talk about wonder-working laws of supply and demand. In last week's *Nation* we quoted Gardner Ackley to the effect that we have long had a thoroughly managed agricultural economy, but managed for the wrong goals. Similarly, the President, by ignoring commodity prices, will probably stimulate activity on the commodity exchanges which is already at a high pitch (see article, p. 813). Mr. Nixon is emphatic that we must not let controls become "a narcotic. We must not become addicted." But it would seem that wage and price controls *must* become a way of life if "the new inflation" is to be kept at tolerable levels. Willy-nilly, the President is hooked on controls for the balance of his term (assuming he succeeds in "toughing it out" on Watergate), for inflation has become an endemic disease of modern capitalist economies which long since ceased to be "free" in any area but rhetoric.

Typecasting

The Senate will break the heart of the Silent Majority if it fails to confirm Kansas City Police Chief Clarence M. Kelley as the new head of the FBI. President Nixon may not have picked the best man on his list of twenty-seven names, but he has selected the perfect image. Kelley is Dick Tracy incarnate, a 6-foot, 200-pounder, square-jawed, ruggedly handsome, with slicked-back silvery hair. As a young man he was a good enough outfielder to win a tryout with a minor league club where he had a batting average of .300 but could not hit curves (he will, of course, have to learn to hit curves in Washington).

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Twenty years in the FBI, he is a faithful Rotarian, former Sunday School teacher, a family man (for some reason Middle America ignored Hoover's bachelor status) who loves to garden and fuss with household gadgets. He has a wife named Ruby, two grown children, and two grandchildren. Brilliant typecasting.

But it would be most unfortunate if the public and the Congress overlooked the real issue. It is to decide what should be done with a badly demoralized FBI, still shaken by the revelation that Acting Director Gray burned papers relevant to a pending criminal investigation. Acting Director William Ruckelshaus, in an Ohio State commencement speech, made several pertinent suggestions. He feels, quite properly, that during the long years of the Hoover regime both the executive and the Congress failed to exercise proper supervision of the FBI. He feels, too, that we need to "conceptualize how the FBI fits our societal fabric" and that we must recognize the "permissible limits of investigative techniques." Whitney North Seymour, Jr., free to speak his mind after resigning as U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York, has proposed splitting up the FBI, its routine criminal investigation function to be merged with that of other federal agencies doing the same type of work to form an independent Federal Criminal Investigative Agency, while another section would be responsible for internal security. Above all, Seymour insists that the Attorney General of the United States must be a lawyer of independence and distinction and not a political hack.

To the extent that the FBI retains an investigative function in the field of domestic security it should be narrowly defined, the role should be consistent with constitutional guarantees, and the procedures of the bureau should be carefully supervised. As Sen. Robert Byrd has pointed out, in a recent interview in the Chicago *Tribune*, there is only the scantiest legal justification for the claimed right of the FBI to investigate individuals for their political views, activities and affiliations, where there is no claim that a criminal offense has been committed. Senator Byrd sees an urgent need for statutory authority and guidance in the field of national security, where, as he puts it, the FBI has been permitted to exercise "a somewhat nebulous, unclear and ambiguous authority." This, of course, is the key issue. Current stories about how the late J. Edgar Hoover saved us from "the blueprint for a police state" which the President had approved in July 1970, should not divert public attention from this issue. The fact is that under Hoover the FBI carried out many of the activities defined in the blueprint and would still be doing so had Ramsey Clark and his predecessor not put a stop to some, at least, of those activities.

Perfectly Clear

Now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, Howard Palfrey Jones was from 1958 to 1965 U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia and before that held diplomatic posts in Germany and China. In a commencement address at the Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies, June 1, Mr. Jones surveyed the prospects for peace in Southeast Asia, predicting "a period of relative peace in Vietnam for the immedate future," but warning:

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1973 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 216
No. 26

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> The single most dangerous threat to the hoped-for period of peace is in the southern Philippines. There an extremely complex and volatile situation is building to alarming proportions. Basically a religious dispute with a long and bitter historical past, it has already lit fires of a civil strife in the former republic which could engulf the entire Philippines in dread "holy war."

Under those circumstances it behooves the United States to send as ambassador to Manila an experienced diplomat sophisticated in Asian affairs. The man whom President Nixon has chosen for the post, and who must be confirmed or rejected by the Senate in the next few weeks, is William Sullivan, Henry Kissinger's chief aide in the most recent round of Paris talks.

Mr. Sullivan has indeed long experience in Southeast Asia. He was noticed by Averell Harriman at the time of the 1962 Geneva negotiations on Laos, and a year later, when Harriman had been pushed aside, he was put in charge of the Vietnam Working Group. It was the Working Group that laid plans for the direct application of force on North Vietnam. Late in 1964, Sullivan became ambassador to Laos.

In recent weeks the Brown University chapter of the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars has prepared a detailed memorandum on Mr. Sullivan's activities during and before his appointment to Vientiane. It was drawn up as part of a wide protest from the Brown community against the university administration's proposal (since withdrawn) to award Mr. Sullivan an honorary degree at this year's commencement. Most of the details cited here are taken from that report.

Sullivan's arrival in Laos coincided with the opening of intensive American bombing in that country—a country that has since become the most heavily bombed in the history of the world. Under a directive issued earlier by President Kennedy, Sullivan, like all American ambassadors, was in charge of the various American agencies operating in the country of his appointment. For Laos, this meant the CIA, USIS, USAID, and in fact put Sullivan in charge of what amounted to an unacknowledged military campaign. Every air strike made in the country was approved by the ambassador—at one point, he said, "it took all my time"—although it seems evident that those in immediate command of the fliers ignored Sullivan's orders when it suited them: he is on record, for instance, as objecting to the indiscriminate bombing of native villages; such attacks, he thought, should be undertaken only when they "made sense."

However, Sullivan saw nothing wrong with fighting an unofficial war, hidden from the American people and from Congress itself, to support a government that was beset by native insurgents. He thought it should be secret because other countries, and particularly the USSR, would be embarrassed if they were forced to notice it. And he thought it was legal because the President ordered it. Senator Symington pressed him on this point during hearings of the Commitments Subcommittee:

> Are you saying that the President of the United States, under our Constitution . . . has the right to put U.S. military troops in airplanes over a foreign country . . . and direct bombing of that country?

"Yes, sir," said Sullivan. More recently, when asked to justify the bombing of Cambodia, Sullivan replied, "for now I'd just say the justification is the re-election of President Nixon." It may be supposed that the former bombing master of Laos was being facetious, but you can tell a good deal about a man's orientation by noting what strikes him as humorous.

Mr. Sullivan went to Laos when the official government was besieged by insurgent forces of the Left. When he departed Vientiane, the country was in ruins and the insurgent forces had considerably improved their position. Now Mr. Nixon proposes that Sullivan represent the United States in the Philippines, where Ferdinand E. Marcos has made himself the leader of a dictatorship that is being seriously harassed by Philippine insurgents, many of them leftist. Mr. Nixon is not a President who believes in confiding in the people who elected him, but on this occasion it looks as though he were making a straight declaration of intention—when one places a fox in a chicken house it is not for the purpose of collecting the eggs, and when Nixon sends Sullivan to Manila it is not for the purpose of restoring either peace or democracy to the Philippines.

We shall not patronize the Senate by instructing it as to where its duty lies in the matter of Mr. Sullivan's confirmation.

Partin Sentenced

New Orleans

Edward Grady Partin, the Louisiana Teamsters boss whose 1964 testimony at Chattanooga was primarily responsible for convicting James Hoffa of jury tampering, and who has since built himself a satrapy in Louisiana, was given a prison sentence this month. In a recent federal trial held in Atlanta, Partin was convicted of extortion and received a seven-year term—one less than Hoffa got for jury tampering. The Louisiana Teamster, who offered to resign from Teamsters Local 5 shortly before the recent trial (his offer was not accepted by the Executive Board), told the court that he will appeal his conviction to the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

This was the fourth time the U.S. Government had brought Partin to trial in the past eighteen months. Earlier he had been the beneficiary of acquittals, hung juries and a judge's reversal of a guilty verdict. There have been reminders of the Hoffa case throughout Partin's recent trials. The principal witness against him has been a former Teamster named Wade McClanahan, who testified that he headed up Partin's "goon squad." They destroyed equipment belonging to companies other than the one with which Partin was collaborating.

According to Partin's attorney James Neal, Wade McClanahan, who was sequestered by the U.S. Government on a military installation for more than two years before the trial, was paid $23,000 by the government during this period. The payments to McClanahan are reminiscent of the moneys which Partin received from the Justice Department—for "expenses"—during the comparable period before the Hoffa trial.

The government had a difficult and expensive time convicting Partin. Long trials in Butte and Atlanta pre-

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Oliphant, Denver Post

The so-called "Second Battle of Wounded Knee" is, therefore, worth a close look. It was a media *coup d'état* that went awry, but nevertheless the coup planners won a surprising number of points. Before proceeding, a brief recapitulation of the background:

Getting the attention of the national print and broadcast press is not easy. In the first two months of 1973, for example, half a dozen major news stories—the winding down of the war in Vietnam, the Ellsberg trial, the POW release, inflation and Watergate—made the activities of the American Indian Movement (AIM) an insignificant news story. Nevertheless, AIM, a tiny band of militants among America's 840,000 Indians, had already won a formidable reputation for themselves.

AIM was founded in 1968 in Cleveland. At that time the Indians there were being unfairly arrested, so a group was formed for self-protection. Two years ago, at Reno, the movement rose to a national level when urban groups and reservation representatives met together. "Before Reno," says David Rickets, assistant instructor in Wichita State University's Minority Studies Department, "the movement was fairly exclusive to Midwest urban centers. After that meeting, support really spread."

AIM also contributed to and benefited from a public awakening to the plight of the American Indian. Before 1968, the index of *The New York Times* carries few references to the Indian situation. From 1970 to the present day the index thickens considerably. The American Indian had become news. The Nixon Administration can claim some of the credit.

In July 1970 President Nixon sent a special message to Congress announcing a new deal for the Indians—including the self-determination that they had long sought—to make themselves autonomous on their reservations. At the same time, the Administration moved in other directions, shaking up the old Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) and creating a National Council on Indian Opportunity chaired by Spiro Agnew. In the White House two Presidential aides, Leonard Garment and his assistant, Bradley Patterson, were directed to make sure that Presidential policy was carried out by the BIA. Unfortunately, the enabling legislation that might have turned Presidential rhetoric into deed was never passed by Congress. Moreover, there was formidable opposition to any extension of Indian self-government within the Bureau of Reclamation (which had built dams that flooded Indian lands) and in the National Park Service.

In the fall of 1972 a broad coalition of Indian groups—prominent among them AIM—joined forces to send three automobile caravans from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle to Washington. The plan was to arrive before the national election, bringing Indian demands to both candidates (and to the country). The rest of the story is too well known to be told in detail here: Indian expectations were crushed and the patronizing attitude of the BIA enraged the visiting delegations and led them to occupy and vandalize the Bureau of Indian Affairs building. As such it was legitimate news and the reporting of it was, by and large, accurate and truthful.

The small band of AIM militants who crossed the huge Oglala Sioux Pine Ridge Reservation on the night of February 27 and occupied the village of Wounded Knee were engaged in a media *coup d'état*. From start to finish it was a staged event, different in degree but no different in kind from the group theatre of the Black September men.

In the first hours of the occupation the element of surprise belonged entirely to AIM. They were not welcomed as heroes in the streets. On the contrary, the majority of the residents fled the village in terror. According to *The Washington Post*, the owner of the Wounded Knee Trading Post, Mrs. Clyde Gildersleeve, was heard shouting on the ten-party telephone line, "For

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God's sake help us, they're coming in!" The handful of residents who remained were taken hostage. Some members of AIM referred to them openly as prisoners of war.

It should be clearly understood that a media *coup d'état* does not need the support of the local populace. What it does need is instant access to radio, TV and the press. The coup leaders use these channels to make their demands on the government. A second distinguishing feature of a media coup is that it does not seek to overthrow the government but rather to seize power within the system. It is an adventurist rather than a revolutionary tactic.

As AIM warriors moved into Wounded Knee, the local NBC affiliate, KUTV, was right alongside; the trading post was wrecked by armed activists and filmed exclusively by KUTV's camera. By the next morning all three networks—NBC, CBS and ABC—had crews and reporters on the scene. *Time* and *Newsweek* were there, as were the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*. The AP and UPI already had lines in at Salt Lake City and quickly beefed up their local resources. Overnight, Wounded Knee had become the national headline and Washington found AIM's media gun pointed squarely at its head. In less than a week the foreign press moved in: there were print and TV reporters from Sweden, Canada, Japan and the United Kingdom all landing at Rapid City and heading for the Badlands. Passing through Pine Ridge, an Oglala city of 1,300, they could see pickets outside the BIA building. Their placards read: Wilson Instigator of Wounded Knee Massacre: Our Indians May Die. (Richard Wilson is the Oglala tribal chairman whom AIM has accused of running a corrupt reservation government with the help of a private "goon squad.")

By the second week, AIM was strategically placed for a face-off with the federal authorities. FBI agents and federal marshals had sealed off all roads leading to Wounded Knee. There was word that Dick Cavett was prepared to come from New York to broadcast a two-hour special on ABC. Representatives of the National Council of Churches had arrived. Sporadic shooting was also taking place between the Feds and AIM warriors. On the nightly TV news some 200 million Americans could watch as some 200 (later as many as 800) AIM members and supporters went through the motions of preparing for a last-ditch stand. On WTTE-TV (Rapid City) the Rev. Ralph Abernathy said: "I would hope the violence would stop. We have been successful since Martin Luther King's death and I hope they recognize this."

Wilson's tribal government had come to a standstill. All work on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation had ceased. Ben White Butterfly, his wife and six children, who had fled from Wounded Knee, were about to spend two months as refugees in a crowded nursing home in the Pine Ridge village. (No TV crew visited Ben White Butterfly for his story.)

By March 10 the coup leaders, Dennis Banks and Russell Means, had succeeded beyond their wildest dreams.

(*1*) They totally controlled the village of Wounded Knee, keeping the federal government out, but (by means of back trails) selectively allowing the press in.

(*2*) AIM's activities in Wounded Knee made good copy and even better pictures. The press is always hungry for pictures, and AIM greatly increased its coverage with its quasi-military preparations: cleaning weapons, digging trenches, preparing roadblocks, holding powwows, etc.

(*3*) AIM succeeded in broadcasting the impression that—unless the government surrendered to its demands—a second massacre at Wounded Knee was possible. They would kill whites and be killed because (as the Sioux once cried at the Little Bighorn), "It's a good day to die."

Not all the press was favorably moved by what it saw. Tom Wicker, of *The New York Times*, for one, condemned AIM's resort to violence and described its leadership as "interlopers" at Wounded Knee, "off-reservation Indians, both physically and culturally more white than native." In a March 12th story headlined "Indians Playing—to Cameras," the *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist Tom Fitzpatrick described the "arrest" at gunpoint of four scared ranchers who, after being marched before cameras like captured U.S. airmen in Hanoi, were "released from custody."

To understand why the leadership of AIM (including the hidden team of backroom thinkers headed by Mark Lane, who were lodged in Rapid City) rejected an early offer to negotiate with the Justice Department (March 9) it is necessary to grasp what AIM had going. As one young Indian told *Washington Post* reporter William Claiborne, "We're getting the whole world to watch what is happening to the Indian in America." Exactly. The immediacy of communications, especially television news coverage on which all media coups have come to rely, was heavily in AIM's favor.

Terri Schultz, a reporter for *Harper's*, gives a fascinating insight into the media role at Wounded Knee: "After a while [Russell Means] goes next door to a trailer where the rest of the reporters are watching the six o'clock news. He had helped direct the cameramen that day, even restaged events they missed. He is upset they did not use more footage, but admits the white canvas tepee they finally put up looks nice." AIM's lengthening list of "nonnegotiable" demands was a product of media leverage and self-justifying expectations.

For seventy-one days the armed activists held out, raiding the countryside for food, providing a daily story for the press, and—doubtless—scaring the government out of its wits. Finally, after two Indians were killed and a U.S. marshal was paralyzed, AIM threw in its hand. On May 8, 120 tired and bedraggled AIM "warriors" stacked arms and quietly surrendered to the federal authorities. The nonnegotiable demands that Lawrence Lamont had died for had suddenly become negotiable.

The residents of Wounded Knee returned to find an estimated $240,000 of damage done to their homes. The museum had been vandalized, and the Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church, the activists' original headquarters, was daubed with graffiti and militant slogans. Mar-

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garet Red Eagle, who had been born in Wounded Knee, was one among many who found her home in shambles. "I'm getting out of here," she told a *New York Times* reporter, "they said they would not bother the Oglala people. I don't know why they did this to us."

To achieve its purpose AIM had collectively penalized the village of Wounded Knee; it was a casualty of war. And to a very large extent the media *coup d'état* was successful.

AIM forced the government to by-pass the elected Oglala tribal council. It won direct negotiations with five White House representatives to discuss its demand that the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934 be repealed. AIM put the militants' point of view before a world audience for more than two months, and as AIM official Vernon Bellecourt noted, "Indian Nations all over America will rise up and fight for sovereign government as a result of Wounded Knee. It is inevitable." The tragedy is that Bellecourt is perhaps right. As long as armed activists have reason to believe their methods will bring the results they want, there will be more Wounded Knees.

It goes without saying that the political grievances raised at Wounded Knee are genuine—even the despised Richard Wilson does not quarrel with many of the arguments made by AIM. There are, no doubt, political injustices in Greece, in Ireland, in Uruguay. What is new in all this is the media *coup d'état*. Given the impact and immediacy of global communications, it is now entirely possible for a small group of people to intimidate the strongest of governments. It is quite clear from this that such individuals can seize upon a real political grievance, stage it imaginatively, bring in the media, and proceed to insist that their own particular solution must be accepted by everybody else.

The techniques of TV and press takeover are in their infancy, but we may be sure that wherever the obsessed are gathered there are such thoughts. To put an end to the collective penalization of innocent people is a priority for government and electorate alike. At the present time newsmen are helpless victims in the adventurist game of media blackmail. □

WEALTH & SQUALOR

INDONESIA HEADS FOR VIOLENCE

RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

Jakarta

The worst threat to the future of Indonesia is urbanization. Current development policies are allowing a small, modern urban sector to move rapidly into a Western-style consumer society at a growth rate surpassing 12 per cent a year, while leaving behind the vast mass of impoverished villagers and urban slum dwellers, perhaps as much as 80 per cent of the 125 million Indonesians.

Such "trickle down" economics have at least a chance to work. The country has experienced, on the surface, a dramatic comeback since General Suharto purged the Communists seven years ago and gradually seized power from the discredited father of Indonesian independence, the late President Sukarno. With the help of a Harvard- and Berkeley-trained economic planning board called Bappenas, Suharto staved off bankruptcy, securing $3 billion in foreign government loans and another $3.7 billion in international private investment, and cutting the annual rate of inflation from a staggering 635 per cent in 1966 to as little as 2 per cent last year.

This year's national growth rate of 7 per cent, even with a new upsurge in the inflation rate to 25 per cent since September, is far above expectations and, if already fantastic oil revenues of $1 billion a year keep flowing in, may reach 8 per cent next year.

Under Suharto, the country has come to be almost a model of the new technocratic state that eschews ideology and orients its policies solely to the needs of economic development. Staid, stodgy, conservative and sternly authoritarian, the Suharto regime has avoided the kind of "Socialist gestures" one associates with India, sought maximum Western aid, and given foreign and domestic private enterprise its head.

The assumption is that the economic future lies with the multinational corporations, with a shift from traditional subsistence agriculture to modern commercial farming and with the emergence of technocrats ready to advise millionaires on efficient ways to make still more money. Indeed, you could say that the drama of Indonesia today is the race between the onset once again of revolutionary politics and the arrival of enough foreign and domestic investment in manufacturing for export to make such revolutionary politics unnecessary. That is what President Suharto is talking about when he appeals for some $800 million to $900 million in U.S. private investment to follow up the oil success story with exploitation of liquefied natural gas.

Whether the average man agrees with this strategy nobody knows. The government is dominated by generals, and Kopkamtib, the much-feared security command, does not encourage dissent. There is almost no popular participation in politics and the government does not invite it. Indeed, Suharto's ritualistic re-election last March to a second five-year term by the 920-member government-controlled people's consultative assembly stirred little evident interest in the masses of peasants and city dwellers. Most seem to feel that a continuation of the present mili-

Richard Critchfield, a special correspondent of the Washington Star-News *and other papers, is now in Asia to report problems of the human environment. His* The Golden Bowl Be Broken *will be published by Indiana University Press.*

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tary-technocrat alliance is the only possible short-term course, but it makes no one very cheerful.

Indonesia, which has had to repair the social and economic wreckage left by two decades of Sukarno maladministration, also faces one of the world's worst population problems: 70 per cent of the 125 million Indonesians are crammed onto the small volcanic island of Java, an area slightly smaller than North Carolina. The average density of 450 per square kilometer rises above 1,000 in some rural areas; and there are Jakarta slums where as many as 50,000 people crowd into a square kilometer. Java has a net yearly population growth of 1.6 million.

In some rural areas the limits of rice production have been reached and the Javanese have turned to tapioca as their staple food. Some 80 per cent of the peasantry on Java no longer owns land and the holdings of those who do average about four-fifths of an acre. Wages in the countryside, seasonal to start with, are seldom more than 10¢ to 20¢ a day; in Jakarta, the lowest menial labor earns between 35¢ and 50¢.

Population control programs really started only in the past year. In Bali and East Java they already look promising, but growth rates are appalling. The Indonesian population has tripled in seventy years and looks to double again in twenty-four; in Jakarta it will increase from 5 million to 10 million in fifteen years. The country has gone from 40 million in 1905, 61 million in 1940, 77 million in 1950, 97 million in 1960 to 125 million now (it may be 128 million). Even if the family planning programs are a great success, the population will pass 200 million within the next twenty years.

Today, however, economic recovery is so rapid—experts attribute at least 2 per cent of the growth rate to mere political stability—that the temptation is to leave well enough alone. The result is a dual economy with the big, traditional sector stagnating at an average per capita income of $80, and its 4 per cent yearly growth eaten up by the 2.5 to 2.8 per cent annual population increase and now a resurgence of inflation, especially in the price of all-important rice.

The old Javanese cheerfulness seems to be giving way to a despondency and listlessness that may be only a step away from the awareness and anger that brought on Pakistan's civil war and the emergence of Bangladesh as a separate state in 1971. For more than a decade after Field Marshal Ayub Khan assumed power in 1958 and imposed a benevolent dictatorship favorable to foreign aid and investment, Pakistan made rapid economic progress, shooting up to seventh place, just after Spain, in the rate of growth of its gross national production. In the late 1960s the doubling of West Pakistan's wheat output, thanks to dwarf grain and nitrogen, was one of the feats of agricultural history. But the poor got left out, unemployment continued to rise, the Western wing got richer as the Eastern got poorer, and in the end the country blew asunder.

To be fair, Indonesia has a much better chance. Its population is about the same as that of the old united Pakistan and is equally spread out—over a vast archipelago of some 13,000 islands stretching across more than 3,000 miles of ocean. Like Bangladesh, a big jute exporter and foreign exchange earner, the so-called "outer islands" of Sumatra, Kalimantan, Sulawesi and West Irian, with their wealth of oil, timber and minerals, are the country's chief export earners, while most of the money flows back to Java, mainly to Jakarta.

But the differences are important. Pakistan's exports reached a high of $650 million; those of Indonesia will soon pass $2 billion. The most foreign aid Pakistan ever got in a single year was $650 million and its 1960s average was around $400 million; aid to Indonesia (one-fourth directly from the United States) will probably rise to $800 million next year. Finally, foreign investment never rose in Pakistan above $20 million annually; some $300 million is flowing into Indonesia this year.

In short, exports, aid and investment now provide Indonesia with about $3 billion a year, compared with the $1 billion Pakistan used to get; it is a wide spread, even when one figures in dollar devaluation and inflation. The vital difference is oil. Indonesia's oil exports will soon rise from 1 million to 1.5 million barrels a day and, unlike Arabian oil, it is low-pollution, sulfur-free. Since the Arab-dominated Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has hardened into an effective cartel, the price of Indonesian oil has gone from $1.67 to $3.73 a barrel.

With more than $1 billion a year from oil alone and another $300 million from timber, Indonesia has resources far beyond Pakistan's dreams. In the view of American economists here, its assets also include some of Asia's brightest and most influential technocrats, its best economic policies, and a treatment of foreign investors far more liberal than that of India or Pakistan.

Despite the poverty all around them, some Indonesian leaders have taken to thinking their country is rich. With bigger oil revenues coming in all the time, there is talk of building such Sukarno-style extravaganzas as a new $200 million international airport, a six-lane, trans-Java superhighway, a petrochemical complex on Sumatra, a steel mill, supertankers and more luxury hotel and ultra-modern office complexes. There is less talk of investing in such job-producing industries as textiles, wood processing and electronics to employ at least half a million Javanese.

Why this is so baffles even veteran observers. Suharto's key economic adviser and head of Bappenas, Widjojo Nitisastro, is also the leading Indonesian demographer. He wrote a definitive book on population three years ago in which he declared strongly that the heavy concentration of population of Java, average incomes of less than $100 a year, 40 per cent illiteracy, urbanization of Jakarta and the explosion of the labor force made the creation of more jobs the country's most urgent imperative.

When I asked one highly respected Western economist what was being done, he replied, "Nothing." He flatly predicted mob rioting or even revolution within five years. Almost no one else is that pessimistic. It is true that the high-yielding dwarf rice has spread more slowly than expected, with less than 18 per cent of Indonesia's rice lands yet in the new seeds, compared with 60 per cent in South Vietnam and the Philippines and almost 100 per cent in Taiwan and Japan. A 15.4 million-ton production target for 1973-74 has already been reduced to 14.8 million tons

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and actual production this past year, hit by the all-Asian drought, fell to 12.2 million tons, which means that more than a million tons will have to be imported.

The current crop, now being harvested, looks fair, but less land was planted this year in the new rice. Some blame an antiquated rural bureaucracy; others the lack of adequate price incentives, feeder roads and irrigation. Whatever the reason, it will be a long time before the so-called Green Revolution helps stem the flow of jobless peasants into Jakarta and the other cities.

A modest WPA-type project, called the Kabupaten program, provided some 435,000 peasants an average of 100 days of work last year and soaked up some rural unemployment. Its small $30 million budget goes up 50 per cent this year and up to $60 million the next, provided a new World Bank loan of $50 million comes through. The World Bank is also financing a $33 million family planning program over the next five years and is considering a loan for a low-cost housing scheme in Jakarta.

There are proposals to channel more government investment to the outer islands and to build regional "growth points" on Sumatra, Sulawesi and Kalimantan (Borneo), trying to find ways to process timber and minerals before exporting them and hence making migration from Java more attractive. Only 50,000 Javanese migrated last year, less than the number of outer islanders who moved in.

The problems of Jakarta are mind-boggling. In the time it will take to double present per capita incomes of $150 to $180, the population is expected to increase roughly eightfold, thus negating any possible gain of total resources for development.

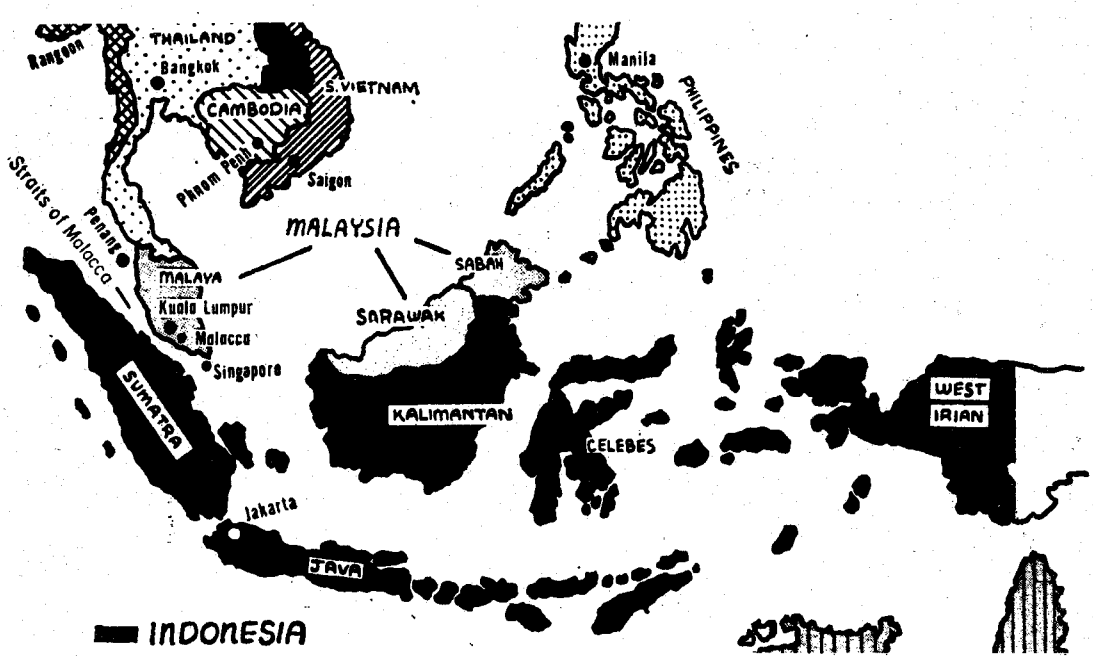
With 1.2 million wage earners receiving per capita incomes of $150 a year and saving 10 per cent, the city will generate $18 million in gross savings annually. At a 6 per cent growth rate of population, with 60 per cent of the total employed, there will be 180,000 new labor force entrants and 300,000 new people each year. The annual capital cost of creating employment for the incremental work force would be $900 million, assuming that the Jakarta government's official estimate of $5,000 investment per worker is correct. The annual cost of providing the total added people with necessary infrastructure, including housing, would amount to $90 million, assuming a low per capita cost of $500. Thus almost $1 billion would be required annually, compared to total gross savings of only $18 million.

Municipal revenues last year totaled only $42 million, and with incomes running from $150 to $180 a year the tax base is too small to make more than a stab at providing public services. In the past five years foreign investors have started only 224 new companies worth $349 million and domestic investors 384 companies worth $432 million, not enough to employ all those who arrive in a single year. Moreover, most of Jakarta's wealth is concentrated in the hands of a small, modernizing elite who demand—and usually get—modern transport, social services, education and urban amenities on the pattern of, say, Washington or Chicago.

Perhaps the crucial question is whether that growing elite can adapt itself to a new, more practical, less ambitious concept of an adequate standard of living. It has shown no sign of doing so. Quite the reverse, it has encouraged national and city policies to push the poor new immigrants back to their impoverished villages, or at least out of sight into the city slums.

The price to be paid, if things go on as they are, is enormous, and the handwriting is on the wall. Almost every night at 10 o'clock there is a near riot at one end of the Blora Bridge which links Jakarta's bursting slums with its best street, Djalan Thamrin, an elegant six-lane boulevard with all the after-dark fizz and glitter of big luxury hotels, flashing neon billboards and soaring new glass and concrete office towers.

Fifty, 100 and often more betjaks, the three-wheeled bicycle rickshaws pedaled by ragged peasant migrants, gather there to await zero hour of a new 6 A.M. to 10



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P.M. ban on betjaks from Jakarta's downtown and better residential areas. Impatient, eager to hustle the few remaining late-night fares, the lean, hard-muscled betjak drivers confront a handful of policemen. It is a tense, ugly scene: the betjak men, pushed from behind as their numbers swell into a virtual army, slowly edge forward, muttering among themselves; the policemen raise their clubs, curse them and threaten to stomp on those in front. Suddenly the dam bursts and all the betjaks surge forward at once. The police could not stop them if they tried.

This small, nightly drama symbolizes the gradual alienation of the two Jakartas, rich and poor, during just the past two or three years. In what seems to have put him on a collision course with history, Jakarta's Governor, Lieut. Gen. Ali Sadikin, in August 1970, declared the city "closed to all further jobless settlers." Sadikin, a handsome, U.S.-trained Marine, said he took the action because the flood of what he said was 200,000 peasants into Jakarta each year had "reached proportions endangering the safety and order of life in the capital."

After declaring the ban, Sadikin moved to enforce it with a strict new system of identity cards; before he could register as a Jakarta citizen an immigrant had to prove he had a job, dwelling, permission from his village chief to come to the city and that he was not a Communist. Without such a card, he could be arrested at any time and thrown out. On a record night 13,000 people were rounded up on the streets, trucked outside the city and dumped. Today an avearage of ten truckloads per night take the same ride.

Sadikin then began moving against all the peasant migrants who engaged in so-called tertiary economic activities, such as street vending, petty hawking, shoeshining, errand running, prostitution or driving a betjak. He turned first against the betjak drivers, probably the single biggest bloc of peasant migrants. There were 126,000 registered betjaks in the city three years ago and since others were illegally driven and most were on a two-man shift, there may have been 300,000 drivers in all, who with their dependents both in the city and back in the villages, probably numbered at least 1.5 million. Sadikin says that only 54,000 betjaks are registered today, and claims many of the drivers have given up and gone home.

He first banned them during daylight hours from the city's so-called "protocol" areas, where the government offices and foreign embassies are; then from the main paved streets, and finally from the central city altogether. Then his police cleared the same areas of peddlers, shoeshine boys, food stalls, small shops and portable vending stands. Moving in on squatter settlements, he forcibly evacuated many and set fire to them. When protesters raised signs asking, "Is this the way you throw away your people?" they were ignored. Canals and parks were fenced with barbed wire.

Today, if you are a visiting prime minister or even an average tourist, it is quite possible to spend several days in Jakarta without leaving what looks like an extension of the international jet airport; Sadikin has created a Potemkin city, walled in by a concrete curtain, where broad avenues are jammed with brand-new cars, stores are filled with Japanese consumer goods, and there's seldom a ragged beggar in sight.

Jakarta is a city of some 500,000 lower-middle class to rich people, half of them 18 and under, and 4.5 million poor to extremely poor people. The richer 10 per cent are those who make more than $25 a week, own the city's nearly 100,000 television sets, its 60,000 telephones (a third of the phones in Indonesia), its 215,000 motorized vehicles (a fourth of those in the country), live in the 20 per cent of the city's houses a 1969 survey called "permanent," fall among the 24 per cent who have sewage, a regular water and power supply, send their children to the city's 1,340 schools, and patronize the city's ninety-eight movie houses, thirty-six nightclubs and thirty-two massage parlors.

Social historian Soedjatmoko, a former ambassador to Washington, finds "a great deal of emptiness" in the lives of this upper 10 per cent and warns "it is creating dangerous disparities in income and with all its conspicuous consumption is directing popular expectations in wrong, unattainable directions." Indeed, in the minds of many wealthy Jakartans, where mysticism and the Hindu philosophy of the shadow play or the teachings of Islam once reigned supreme, the new gods seem to be Hollywood horror films, a Mercedes Benz 220, roulette, Scotch on the rocks, 6-foot platinum-haired Australian strippers and, most recently, a troupe of bizarre male transvestites from Paris. Not surprisingly, the narcotics problem is growing among the children of the rich.

Among Jakarta's under-$25-a-week majority of 4.5 million, the pit is almost bottomless. Family heads representing fully 350,000 men, women and children somehow get by on less than $1.20 a week, more than 1.6 million people on household incomes of less than $5 a week. Such statistics come to life when you fly over Jakarta. It looks like no other city on earth. There are a few narrow corridors of towering new buildings, a few grandiose monuments and some patches of leafy residential areas. But most of the city beneath you resembles a vast agglomeration of villages, held together by a network of dirt roads: virtually all the houses are one-story bamboo and wooden huts. For these there is no sewage system and no reliable drinking water; 20-foot-deep privy pits which tend to fill up in five years and often contaminated wells nearby have to suffice. Jakarta stands on what once was swampland; its network of Dutch-built canals is really a system of drainage ditches; when all else fails these are used for bathing, laundering and answering the call of nature. With only one doctor for every 20,000 people, it is a wonder there are not more epidemics; perhaps it is because Indonesians are personally scrupulously clean and drink only boiled tea or coffee or bottled beer.

General Sadikin claims that his "closed city" policy has slowed down immigration from 16,000 a month in 1969 to 16,000 for the whole of last year (since a recent University of Indonesia survey showed that 80 per cent of the poor do not have the required identification cards, how many are really coming in is anybody's guess).

With hardly any tax base, he has had to use considerable ingenuity just to keep the city functioning. He does this with what he calls "a policy to blackmail the

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rich for the poor." In practice this means promoting entertainment and even vice and then taxing it heavily. Since he took over Jakarta in 1966, Sadikin has encouraged horse racing, dog racing, jai alai, lotteries, 24-hour casinos with roulette tables, slot machine parlors with one-armed bandits imported from Nevada, bowling alleys, a glittery Coney Island-style beach, an annual Jakarta trade fair, a year-round amusement park, some of the most modern movie theatres in Asia, swimming pools and sports arenas. His most recent scheme was to open thirty-two "amusement centers" complete with bars, dancing, slot machines, steam baths and massage rooms which are really glorified brothels.

Sadikin has tried to silence criticism that he cares more about the rich than the poor by investing $10 million on paving roads, making general repairs and digging windmill-powered wells in the slums. He has proposed to the World Bank that it assist him in establishing 200,000 low-income homesites on the city's outskirts. And since 1967 he has built 600 schools and now spends 30 per cent of his budget on education, although the families of a third of Jakarta's primary-age children still cannot afford the modest enrollment fees.

Soedjatmoko says Sadikin has "an imperfect and fragmented notion of what modernity is; his approach is haphazard." Dorodjatun Kuntjuro Jakti, a leading economist, says the "closed city" policy is merely "defensive." "It has worked in clearing the poor out of the central city, but the flow has been diverted to the outskirts and nearby towns without the money to cope. And peasants squeezed out of an honest living as hawkers and betjak drivers are turning more and more to beggary and crime."

Such criticism angers the volatile General. In a recent ninety-minute interview, he told me he has very definite ideas. He does not want enclaves of the rich guarded by private armies, as in Manila, nor huge high-rise housing settlements in the style of Hong Kong or Singapore, which he feels are "modern slums." But he will try to keep as many peasant migrants out of the city as possible, explaining, "I am not going to leave my people in a poor situation. I hope Jakarta can become a decent city that can provide housing, schools and jobs for all. That is possible." And what about the ever bigger flood of peasants pushed off the land by overpopulation? "Let them go back to their place of origin," he says, explaining that by future police sweeps and crackdowns he is going to give Jakarta a reputation as a tough place for the peasant migrant.

In a speech in August 1970, the month that Jakarta was declared a closed city, President Suharto remarked:

> Only part of us—just the smaller part—has enjoyed the fruits of independence. The greater part however—soldiers, civil servants, small peasants and laborers—still live a difficult life. They still live in inadequate houses in alleys and dirty slums without fresh drinking water and without electricity, with a low degree of nutrition, deeply concerned about the schooling and education of their children—as if looking forward into a dark future.

Despite a superficial appearance of rapid development and an economic boom, the future for the mass of Indonesians has certainly grown no brighter. A recent University of Indonesia survey of 233 heads of poor Jakarta families shows the stirrings of discontent and disaffection. A full 69 per cent said it was either as hard or harder to make a living than it had been two or three years ago. Some 6 per cent of them directly blamed the city and national government—a high rate in a society where unquestioning obedience to authority is a long tradition.

There is still time, one hopes, to arrest the present drift into a heedless, grasping consumer society for the few and deeper impoverishment and despair for the many. A failure to provide jobs and redistribute income, with a corresponding hope for a decent life, will almost inescapably bring about something like the 1789 revolution in France within a decade. And Indonesia has already had more than its share of social upheaval, violence and blood. □

COMMODITY EXCHANGES

The High Cost of Food Gambling

CLARK MOLLENHOFF, JAMES RISSER and GEORGE ANTHAN

Washington

In the trading pits of the nation's commodity exchanges, red-faced men shout and gesture at one another, buying and selling over and again the basic foodstuffs that will later be processed into the products sold in supermarkets. In recent weeks, these professional traders have steadily bid up the prices of commodities in a frenzy of trading activity which has threatened to bring the entire marketing system to a standstill. Already it is evident that high grain prices—particularly soybeans—will lead to another upward spiral in retail meat and food costs. Monitoring all this for the public is a small, complacent federal agency which exudes confidence that the professional traders can police themselves and whose officials, during the recent period of hectic trading, refused to take any steps to deflate what some commodities brokers themselves referred to as a "speculative bubble."

The buying boom which disrupted the soybean market at the Chicago Board of Trade has focused new attention on the operations of what one Congressman has called

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"the biggest legal gambling game in the world." Commodity futures trading—complex and until recently not well known outside the small circle of those who deal directly in grains and livestock—has risen to a volume of $225 billion a year. Speculators and small investors alike have rushed into the commodity exchanges, hoping to make their fortunes by buying and selling corn, wheat, soybeans, pork bellies (bacon) and even frozen orange juice.

The recent trading activity has intensified a long-simmering controversy as to whether high commodity prices are a result of artificial factors such as market manipulation, or whether they reflect actual supply and demand. Meanwhile, evidence accumulates that the U.S. Commodity Exchange Authority (CEA), the agency of the Agriculture Department which is supposed to regulate and supervise these markets, is sitting on its hands. The agency acts as if it were beholden to those it is supposed to police and has stubbornly refused to respond to criticism by government agencies and newspapers.

But two recent developments have forced commodity trading into the strong light of press scrutiny and Congressional inquiry:

¶The realization that the feverish rise in the price of soybeans and other grain futures will, if unchecked, contribute to even costlier meats, milk and other foods.

¶Growing suspicion that last year's ballyhooed wheat sale to the Soviet Union was in fact a deal motivated by Presidential politics and unfavorable to U.S. consumers and farmers; and that large grain firms may have used it to rig wheat prices at the Kansas City Board of Trade.

The extent of the scandal in the commodity markets and at the CEA has been overshadowed by Watergate, but public attention will turn to the issue this summer when Sen. Henry Jackson's Permanent Investigating Subcommittee opens hearings into the Russian wheat sale. Later, the hearings will be expanded into a full-scale investigation of commodity trading. The final report is likely to be a case study on how government regulators can be effectively taken over by those they are charged to regulate.

Serious questions concerning the regulatory activities of the CEA began to be raised seven years ago, following a major commodities scandal popularly known as "the Tino DeAngelis salad oil swindle." Looking into this $150 million hoax, the General Accounting Office (GAO) and the Agriculture Department itself found evidence that the CEA had known in advance of some of DeAngelis' illegal activities but had failed to act. The GAO issued a long list of recommendations for tightening federal policing of commodities trading. But early this year, the *Des Moines Register*'s Washington bureau charged in a six-part series that the CEA has largely ignored the GAO's advice. Illegally manipulated markets in wheat, eggs and meats have cost the public, small investors and farmers millions of dollars, the newspaper found.

The stories forced disclosure of two previously secret reports by the Agriculture Department's inspector general, who accused the CEA of exercising only "minimal surveillance" over commodity trading, with no assurance that "manipulations," "corners" and "squeezes" by dishonest traders were being prevented. A basic problem, according to Inspector General Nathaniel Kossack, is that CEA administrator, Alex C. Caldwell, thirteen years on the job, prefers to sit back and "rely primarily on self-regulation by the commodity exchanges."

Caldwell, a mild-mannered man whose tidy office is in direct contrast to the bedlam of the trading floors he is supposed to regulate, has resisted any attempts to expand CEA's activities by saying he is "no empire builder." But the inspector general found that CEA makes few vigorous investigations of commodity trading, that it lets the exchanges discipline their own members and has rarely imposed meaningful punishments, even on serious violators. Its favorite tool has been the cease-and-desist order —in some cases, issued repeatedly to the same offender.

The exchanges—the most important are the Chicago Board of Trade, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, the New York Mercantile Exchange and the Kansas City Board of Trade—maintain a clublike atmosphere. Professional traders make up the committees empowered to investigate complaints and discipline members. Officials of the exchanges contend that the traders are best equipped to handle the policing job, emphasizing that it is very much to their interest that the markets operate legally and in the public interest.

Commodity futures trading is not generally understood by the public. Simply stated, these transactions involve the sale and purchase of contracts to deliver farm products at some time in the future. The idea is to provide some long-range price stability and to give farmers, country elevators and grain and meat processors a means to "hedge" against later price fluctuations.

On the commodity exchange floors, buyers and sellers of futures contracts stand in octagonal "pits" and, communicating with frantic hand signals and loud shouts, do business totaling millions of dollars a day, though most of it involves paper transactions with no actual delivery of the commodities involved. Some traders represent the giants of the food industry; others are brokers for commission firms, buying and selling for customers; still others are "speculators" who trade for themselves, having bought memberships on the exchange at fees ranging up to $100,000. Officials of the exchanges admit that serious conflicts of interest can exist in a system by which some brokers trade both for themselves and for customers, but the CEA's Caldwell says any legislation to correct this situation would have "a low priority."

Under the CEA's method of regulating commodities, a conspiracy to manipulate the price of egg futures on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange continued for nearly a year in 1970 and boosted the retail price of eggs as much as 10¢ a dozen. The CEA took no action in the case for months, though exchange officials urged the federal authorities to do so to protect egg futures trading from breaking down entirely. A former Mercantile Exchange official maintains that the CEA misses eight or nine price manipulation schemes for every one it discovers.

The CEA did determine that Cargill, Inc., one of the giants of the grain industry, had illegally boosted the

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Des Moines Register

"That's Just Your Free and Open Market in Action"

price of wheat at the Chicago Board of Trade in 1963. But what followed is indicative of the CEA's attitude toward regulation. After thinking about it for seven years, the agency finally put the firm on a two-year "probation," a sanction having absolutely no legal or practical effect. Cargill continued to enjoy the benefits of trading privileges at the exchanges.

Also, the CEA has permitted commodity exchanges to set minimum commission rates which their members could charge as brokerage fees to customers. This practice went unchallenged by the CEA until the Justice Department was forced by a series of private lawsuits into attacking the minimum fee setup as an evident violation of federal antitrust laws. Pressed by a federal court for an opinion on this, CEA chief Caldwell admitted that the investing public would be better off if minimum fees were outlawed.

The CEA stood by while Bernhard Rosee, an elderly Austrian immigrant, was stripped of his seat by a Chicago Board of Trade investigations committee in a "star chamber" hearing which denied him the right to have an attorney and to cross-examine witnesses against him. The CEA then destroyed records in the case that Rosee claims would have helped clear him. It took Rosee twelve years of legal struggles to prove in 1972 that two other Board of Trade members had defrauded him. He won a $700,000 judgment, but it is being appealed and the Board of Trade, still upset by Rosee's long-standing criticism of its operations, has made no move to restore his membership.

One insight into the CEA's internal operations involves a program to use computers to spot commodity market violations. The system turned up so many cases of possible abuses that the CEA promptly adjudged the program a failure and dropped it. This left the small CEA staff worse off than ever, because Caldwell had dropped some employees to pay for the computer.

While both the CEA and the commodity exchanges have tended to dismiss such situations as only temporarily vexing, two pressing new problems may stimulate a public scrutiny that is long overdue. These are the nagging doubts over the Russian wheat sale and the highly inflated trading in soybeans in Chicago.

Last summer President Nixon hailed the Soviet purchase of some 450 million bushels of U.S. wheat as a "historic" event. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz declared that it would benefit consumer taxpayers, American farmers, labor and the economy. But later, some aspects of the deal turned sour. The huge sale pushed domestic wheat prices up in spectacular fashion and raised the retail cost of bread and other grain products. Wheat farmers in the Southwest complained that the Administration had withheld public announcement of the transaction so that they had sold their crops too cheaply, before the price rise started. It was revealed that the Agriculture Department had classified as secret certain reports indicating that Russia had suffered a major crop failure. Agriculture Department officials insist they did not know about the wheat deal, which was largely transacted between the Soviets and private U. S. grain firms. However, the department's assurances do not square with evidence that, for some time before the sale became public, the government had been paying record-high export subsidies to the U. S. grain firms and had, in fact, issued advance promises to the firms that it would continue such payments. Also, at the time when officials profess they knew nothing about a wheat sale to Russia, the Agriculture Department was agreeing to turn over to the companies huge quantities of government-owned grain to help them fill their Russian contracts.

Last month, a National Security Council source told the *Des Moines Register* of pressure from the White House to complete a grain sale to Russia before the 1972 election, in order to boost President Nixon's popularity in the then disgruntled farm states. U.S. negotiators, directed by Henry Kissinger, openly discussed among themselves the fact that the President wanted a deal consummated quickly and that he wanted "reasonable concessions" made to the Russians. These concessions, it turned out, included a $500-million line of credit from the U.S. Government to the Soviets, and cash subsidies totaling more than $132 million.

The granting of such concessions appears especially puzzling now, in view of the fact that the United States had the only large supplies of wheat available and probably could have commanded at least the going price for the grain in this country. But, according to the council source, "We were all very much aware of the President's desire to pull this off before the election."

Rep. John Melcher (D., Mont.) and other members of Congress believe the Russians were guaranteed a relatively low price for U.S. wheat in return for aid in

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settling the war in Vietnam and in regard to other international matters. "This is the only plausible explanation for our paying millions in subsidies when we had the only available supplies," Melcher said.

The CEA was drawn into the controversy when the American Bakers Association filed a complaint, raising the possibility that big grain export firms had illegally manipulated the price of wheat futures at Kansas City at about the time of the Russian deal. The purpose, it was claimed, was to influence the Agriculture Department to boost the export subsidy it pays to encourage American firms to make foreign sales when domestic wheat prices are higher than the so-called "world" price.

The CEA referred the complaint to the Kansas City Board of Trade for investigation. Because the board's business conduct committee was dominated by professional traders who work for large grain firms, the accused investigated themselves. The Board of Trade inquiry, in the words of one Congressional investigator, "was a whitewash." Both the board and the CEA refused to release the exchange's report that all was well. But under pressure from newsmen and the Jackson subcommittee staff, the CEA undertook its own investigation, and now admits it has found evidence of criminal wrongdoing. The evidence, as yet unspecified, has been turned over to the Justice Department's criminal fraud division for action. Some Jackson subcommittee officials fear that this was done as an effective way to keep reports and records out of their hands.

It is not yet known what effect Mr. Nixon's new sixty-day freeze on food prices, coupled with his call for controls on grain exports, will have on the recent commodities boom. But initial reaction to the announcement was a wave of selling and a drop in some futures prices.

Major doubts about the CEA's ability to keep commodity markets functioning honestly were raised during the recent unprecedented dealing in soybean futures at the Chicago Board of Trade, where prices for the grain have soared to more than $12 a bushel. Many Midwestern farmers sold their 1972 crops, the same commodity the speculators are now bidding upon, for less than $3.50 a bushel, thinking that an unusually good price that could not possibly be topped.

Rep. Neal Smith, an Iowa Democrat, charges that the CEA permitted large grain firms to "corner" the soybean futures market. He believes that the price increases during trading recently illustrate that the activity of speculators has caused commodity trading to lose all touch with actual demand for the products. Smith and several alarmed brokers proposed that all soybean trading be suspended for several days, while the government investigated to determine who was making all the money in soybeans. But Board of Trade officials and Caldwell refused, and Agriculture Secretary Butz agreed with them that the big price increases were simply the result of domestic and foreign demand for U. S. soybeans.

Even as Board of Trade officials and Caldwell were contending that the market was "basically sound," trading reached a hysterical level and then almost froze. Sellers held onto their contracts in the hope that prices would continue to soar. The "shorts" in the market, who needed soybeans in order to satisfy their commitments, were unable to buy. While some speculators were reported to have made up to $3 million in paper profits during the boom, others reportedly lost like amounts, and some brokerage houses were believed to be in financial trouble. Also, there was serious concern that the chaotic trading could lead to a total collapse of soybean and other commodity prices, with severe financial losses for wide segments of the agricultural economy. For consumers, there were other fears since soybeans are used in many food products. The oil goes into some salad oils and margarine, and the meal is an important constituent of livestock feed. Thus, the big advances in soybean futures will be reflected in higher food prices in the months ahead. Senator Jackson warned that speculator-driven futures prices could lead to retail food cost hikes of 15 to 20 per cent later this year.

In several emergency sessions, directors of the Chicago Board of Trade raised, and finally removed, "daily limits" on the amount the price of soybeans can rise in one day. The aim was to stimulate trading. The board also increased "margins"—the cash down payment required of an investor when he buys a futures contract. This was done to help brokerage houses remain solvent, and to put a brake on prices. Actually, prices continued to rise and many farmers, small grain elevators and other investors were forced to come up with more and more cash or face losing their entire market investment.

Some independent brokers contend that the Board of Trade's moves were counterproductive, only allowing big grain firms to gain a tighter hold on soybean trading. The board, clearly upset because the activities were giving the exchange the image of a gambling casino, decided to tackle this problem by devising a new term to replace the word "speculator." A spokesman said " 'speculator' connotes gambling and sounds bad. We're thinking of something like 'market investor.' What is needed is some public education."

What is really needed is some old-fashioned reform. With many Congressmen alarmed, with the Jackson subcommittee digging in, and with the GAO launching a new investigation at the request of Sen. Richard Clark (D., Iowa), there appears to be a chance for some real change. Getting rid of Caldwell as CEA administrator, beefing up the agency's staff, and forcing it to get tough with those it regulates are minimum steps. But some observers think nothing short of a new and totally independent regulatory agency, somewhat like the Securities and Exchange Commission, will do. And still others, among them farmers and some members of Congress, are even suggesting that futures trading—at least in its present form—may have outlived its usefulness as a market-stabilizing device. They believe it should be superseded by direct bargaining between large farmer cooperatives and buyers of farm products, with both sides reaching agreement on prices and delivery dates.

These are some of the suggested solutions to the problem. What is apparent now is that government regulation of commodity futures trading is a mess and nothing short of a complete housecleaning of personnel and policies can remedy it. □

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MADISON'S 'GOLDEN COALITION'

STUDENT ACTIVIST TO MAYOR

PAUL BLUSTEIN

Madison, Wis.

Paul Soglin walked into his campaign headquarters late one night about two weeks before his victory in Madison's April 3rd mayoral election. Collapsing into a chair, the weary but happy Soglin said pensively to the small group of campaign staffers who were still up working, "You know, we might win this thing, and we'd better start thinking about what we're going to do if I get elected." It was quite a statement from a 27-year-old former alderman and radical student activist who had been accused of having conceived some sort of scheme to turn Madison into "another Berkeley."

But Mayor Soglin has not methodically begun transforming Wisconsin's capital city into another Berkeley, nor has he been at a loss to decide what to do with his new office. He has appointed large numbers of women and University of Wisconsin students to city commissions and administrative posts, initiated "a new era in police-community relations" with the help of Madison's liberal police chief, and pressed for improved and expanded mass transit by lobbying for twenty-two new busses from the U.S. Department of Transportation.

The once tenuous coalition of students, liberal Democrats and labor which united to elect Soglin after an eight-way primary race seems to be as strong as ever. Little of the distrust and resentment that occasionally emerged during the campaign has appeared to weaken Soglin's administration or his support on the City Council. But the liberals and labor leaders are watching Soglin closely to see if his proudly proclaimed independence from either major political party means that he will exclude them from important decision making. And Madison's radical student community is quietly leaning on the new Mayor to insure that he doesn't make too many concessions to "the Dems"—the political activists from the liberal wing of the local Democratic Party who, many radicals contend, are closely tied to real estate and development interests.

Of this "thunder to the Left, thunder to the Right," Soglin says philosophically that the people around him "can put all the pressure on me that they want, but what it all comes down to is that they're going to have to work together."

Thus far into his administration, they have. And if Soglin is especially adroit, the radical students and Establishment-oriented liberals who constituted his campaign organization will no longer conceive of themselves as "us" and "them"—but rather as "us," with the "them" consisting of people at the distant fringes of Soglin's political base. A look at the history of Soglin's rise to the mayor's office suggests that such a feat may be difficult.

As a student at the University of Wisconsin Law School, Soglin in 1968 was elected alderman from Madison's heavily student-populated eighth ward. In 1969, he was arrested twice during a campus disruption for "disobeying police orders." During his five years on the City Council, he gained a reputation as an anti-war militant and champion of his youthful, leftist constituency.

But Soglin, by then an attorney, also "did his homework" perhaps better than any other alderman, and particularly impressed local political observers with his articulate, informed advocacy of city purchase of the Madison Bus Company in 1969. In his years as alderman, he gained the respect of fellow council members by demonstrating an unexpected perceptiveness about municipal affairs, and by showing a willingness to work with council conservatives on matters of common concern. In 1971, he was elected president pro-tem of the council.

Soglin first ran for mayor in 1971 against William Dyke, the arch-conservative incumbent, and liberal City Council president, Leo Cooper, a railroad employee. In a nonpartisan primary, Dyke and Cooper finished far ahead of Soglin, and Dyke went on to defeat Cooper in the run-off general election.

But between then and the 1973 contest, thousands of 18-to-21-year-olds gained the right to vote—and the right to register in Madison, where they attend school. Madison has a population of approximately 176,000. Included in that figure is the student population of the main campus of the University of Wisconsin, which was slightly more than 33,000 undergraduates and graduate students this year. The Madison city clerk estimates that 10,000 to 15,000 U.W. students registered to vote, so Soglin's chances were considerably improved when he entered the 1973 mayor's race against Dyke, seeking his third two-year term; Cooper; political newcomer David Stewart, a University of Wisconsin administrator; and four minor candidates.

Soglin claimed from the outset that he had "mellowed," and that while he still maintained his original conception of what Madison should be like, he had after five years on the City Council different ideas of how to accomplish his goals. Steering clear of the "radical issue," his campaign focused on expanding mass transit, replacing the property tax with a progressive city income tax, zoning an end to urban sprawl, and politically subsidizing downtown housing.

During the primary, Soglin and the two liberals, Cooper and Stewart, tried to keep their campaigns directed at Dyke's record, but a certain amount of hostility —particularly between Stewart and Cooper—festered beneath the surface. Soglin and Cooper, old friends on the

Paul Blustein, who worked for Paul Soglin during the period, presents an inside view of the entire mayoral campaign. Mr. Blustein graduated from the University of Wisconsin in May and will attend Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship.

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on the following dates: July 9, 23, August 6, 20.

City Council, expressed affection for each other and swapped promises of support should the other win the right to oppose Dyke. But Stewart, the buttoned-down university bureaucrat, and Cooper, the railroad switchman, competed intensely for the liberal vote. Soglin confided to his staff that he saw "Dave Stewart's neck get awfully red" when Cooper angrily charged at a candidates' forum that "people from somebody's campaign are saying that I'm not competent to be mayor of this city."

Relations between the Soglin and Stewart camps were also considerably strained. An editorial in the daily *Cardinal*, the leftist University of Wisconsin student newspaper, charged that Stewart was a slick politician who sought to co-opt the student vote with the argument that he alone could defeat Dyke. Stewart, whose supporters considered the *Cardinal* Soglin's official party organ, called Soglin a "troublemaker on the Left," and Soglin responded by broadly hinting that he would withhold support from Stewart if Stewart beat him in the primary.

Stewart almost did. Dyke led the March 6th primary balloting with 16,243 votes; Soglin, winning handily in downtown-campus area wards and showing surprisingly well elsewhere, finished second with 11,485; Stewart followed closely with 10,350 votes, gained largely on Madison's West Side, where many of the university faculty and the city's "professional people" live; and Cooper trailed with 6,150 votes, much of his support predictably coming from Madison's working-class East Side wards.

Stewart promptly but unenthusiastically endorsed Soglin, and Soglin said he had spoken to the disappointed Cooper and gotten his promise of support. More than endorsements were needed, however, to put an electorally viable coalition together. In a closed-door meeting with his primary campaign staff the next morning, Soglin warned that "some toes may be stepped on" and that anyone who hindered attempts to unify the Soglin, Stewart and Cooper campaigns was "dispensable."

A somewhat nervous but cordial atmosphere prevailed at the first meeting attended by key members of the three staffs. A steering committee was established to coordinate campaign strategy, and Soglin announced that Judy Sikora, his campaign manager in the primary, had agreed to step down "because she isn't tough enough." She had in fact done an expert job in the primary, but clearly would have had difficulty cultivating prominent Democrats whose active support was now essential. Soglin named Tim Boggs, a 22-year-old former McGovern organizer who had been neutral during the primary, and Sue Herbst, a faculty wife who had served in the McGovern and Cooper campaigns, as his new campaign managers.

Throughout the meeting, a small number of ex-Cooper and Stewart supporters could be seen quietly leaving in disgust, but for the most part, the upper echelon of the campaign appeared fairly well cemented. In fact, the only problem seemed to be a vestige of the old antipathy between the Stewart and Cooper forces. Cooper supporters at the meeting privately told several Soglin staffers that they were happy to be behind Soglin, but that Stewart's people might be difficult to enlist. Stewart supporters, of course, said exactly the opposite.

The first hint that problems might emerge in keeping the coalition together was an editorial in the *Capital Times*, Madison's liberal newspaper. Entitled "Stewart: The Loser Wins," the editorial expressed "comfort and sadness" in the primary election results, and hoped that Stewart's "impressive campaign" would not be his last. Soglin glumly told his staff that the *Capital Times* appeared to be "kicking itself in the rear for not endorsing Stewart in the primary," without saying much that would help defeat Dyke.

Another *Capital Times* editorial warned that Soglin would never "rally widespread progressive support unless he disavows the cynical attacks made on liberals by his campaign mouthpiece, the daily *Cardinal*." *Cardinal* staff members, after considerable shrugging and muttering about who shall cast the first stone, agreed that unity was imperative.

Six days into the campaign, however, a horrendous *Cardinal* error nearly blew the Soglin staff apart. An editor who knew much more about fine arts than she knew about city politics chose to adorn the cover of the *Cardinal* "Monday Magazine" with a decidedly inappropriate photo of a leering Cooper supporter holding a Cooper bumper sticker. It was a crushing insult to the already disappointed Cooper, albeit an unintended one.

Phone calls to Cooper's residence confirmed that he had, indeed, seen the photo and that he was, indeed, furious. Emma, Cooper's wife, was reported "showing the *Cardinal* to all of Leo's friends," and when Soglin himself called the Cooper home, his old friend from City Council days wouldn't come to the phone. Soglin promptly issued a statement expressing regret at the embarrassment caused Cooper, who, Soglin said, "has worked with me, advised me, and befriended me." He added that the *Cardinal* "never has been, and never will be, 'Paul Soglin's mouthpiece.' "

Other Cooper supporters stormed into the headquarters demanding an immediate apology from the *Cardinal*, which editorialized the next day that it had meant no offense to the amiable Cooper. When the dust finally settled, no high-level Cooper supporters had irrevocably withdrawn support from Soglin, but Cooper himself would not be reconciled. With a week left to go in the campaign, he officially declared his neutrality in the race, stating that he had close friends supporting both Dyke and Soglin.

But with or without Leo Cooper, the process of expanding Soglin's political base had to go on. Gloomily predicting that "I've lost labor" because of the *Cardinal* photo incident, Soglin went on a paid half-hour TV broadcast to answer some tough, unrehearsed questions about his past from the no-nonsense, crew-cut president of Madison's Building Trades Union, Harold "Babe" Rohr.

Rohr recalled an incident in which Soglin had torn

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up a copy of the city ordinances on the floor of the City Council in 1969. Was this an indication of the kind of respect for law that one could expect from a Mayor Soglin? Soglin replied that, since he had graduated from law school and become a practicing attorney, he now understood his responsibility to uphold all laws, and he added, "When I find a law distasteful, I'll try, legally, to have it changed. I acted as I did on the floor of the City Council because I believed that the laws were being applied discriminatorily."

The next night, Madison COPE endorsed Soglin, although Rohr did not. Satisfied that he had answered most of the charges concerning his "radicalism," Soglin turned to running on low-key, municipal issues as he had in the primary.

A campaign brochure featured a photo of Soglin and his wife, Diane ("For Pete's sake, get it across somehow that he's married," a steering committee member ordered), and laid out Soglin's positions on improving Mayor-Council relations, providing tax relief to elderly home owners, stopping airport expansion and expanding mass transit.

A radio spot featured a mayoral-sounding Soglin on urban sprawl: "We've got this ridiculous situation in which big housing developments are springing up around the city's outskirts, causing more traffic congestion and higher taxes for expanded municipal facilities." The candidate pointed out that if the city would adopt rational zoning policies, developers could be forced to improve deteriorated downtown housing instead of building "cracker-box developments" where suburban green spaces had formerly existed.

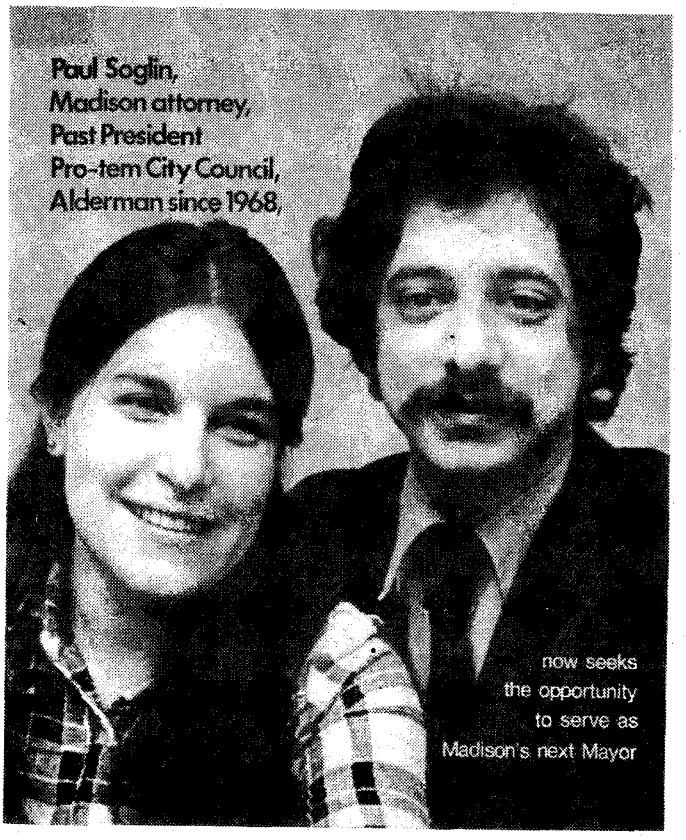
Above all, Soglin emphasized that his administration would be an open one. Charging that Mayor Dyke's appointments had been heavily weighted in favor of business and conservative interests, Soglin quieted fears that he would allow students to "take over" City Hall with the assertion that "City government cannot work effectively unless *all* sections and constituencies of the city are heard and represented."

The issue-oriented campaign began to pay off when endorsements came from the *Capital Times*, Madison's Democratic delegation to the state legislature and, in the final week of the campaign, U.S. Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier. Polls released by both the Soglin and Dyke camps promised a tight race.

In the midst of the coalition-building process, however, rumors were rife that a number of students who had been closely associated with Soglin throughout his political career were ready to quit the campaign because "Paul's just letting the Dems take over everything." A *Cardinal* columnist wrote that students should vote for Soglin, but they should remember that he was just an "opportunist" who "seeks to use us," like other politicians. But most of Soglin's student staffers knew him well enough to realize that, if they couldn't control him themselves, neither could the "Dems." In the end, after some heart-to-heart talks between the candidate and his friends, no one left the campaign.

Mayor Dyke began his counterattack about ten days before the general election. A media blitz emphasizing "responsible government" and attacking Soglin's "expensive promises"—as well as considerable scoffing at the notion that Soglin had "mellowed"—constituted the core of Dyke's campaign. In addition, pro-Dyke groups officially outside the incumbent's campaign began a systematic dredging up of Soglin's past indiscretions. A giant brochure entitled "Lest We Forget," circulated by The Committee for a Free Press, reproduced articles on Soglin's roles in campus demonstrations, especially the "Mifflin Street riots" of 1969 in which he was arrested. Particularly damaging was the reminder that as an alderman, Soglin had released the names of undercover narcotics agents to Madison's student and underground press. But the Mayor himself carried his attack too far for his own good when, at the first face-to-face encounter between the two candidates at Madison's West High School, Dyke asserted that the "decent people" of Madison would "make the right choice" on April 3 by electing him.

If any one thing finally assured Soglin's coalition of



Campaign Brochure

radicals and liberals, Dyke's "decency" statement was probably it. Political centrists who were thinking of supporting Soglin were galled by the Mayor's insinuation that they had entertained an "indecent" idea. Signs announcing "Another Decent Family for Soglin" flourished. Contributions to Soglin's campaign rolled in at a furious pace following Dyke's statement.

The "decency" issue also polarized the city. Madison's state Senator, Fred Risser, who had appeared on a paid TV broadcast with Soglin, reported that several of his bowling partners wouldn't bowl with him any more.

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Telephoned threats were made to Soglin campaign manager, Tim Boggs.

During the week before the election, fires of questionable origin broke out at two homes sporting "Re-Elect Bill Dyke" signs. To charges that Soglin people were responsible, the candidate asserted that no one who supported him would do such a thing, but he stopped short of actually accusing Dyke's campaign workers of firebombing their own homes. Dyke cunningly conceded only that "I'm sure that Paul himself wouldn't be personally involved in such a thing." However, Soglin's campaign staff was so certain that Dyke supporters were behind the fire-bombings that they altered their final poll, which showed Soglin with a new commanding lead, to make the race appear closer. "If Dyke's people saw the real poll," Tim Provis, Soglin's press aide, said, "who knows what they'd do?—fire-bomb Dyke's house, for all I know."

The "real poll" proved to be more accurate than the public (close) version. In the April 3rd balloting, Soglin swamped Dyke in central city and student wards, capturing upward of 90 per cent of the vote. Dyke's majorities in far East and far West Side wards, which reached as high as 64 per cent, failed to counter Soglin's strength in areas closer to downtown. The final tally gave Soglin 37,548 votes to Dyke's 34,179. Even more happily for Soglin, the already moderately liberal City Council became slightly further Left-leaning.

The cheering, congratulating and celebrating had barely subsided when Madison's "Little Watergate" affair broke into the headlines during the week before Soglin's inauguration. Madison police inspector, Herman Thomas, number-two man in the department, resigned when it was found that he had removed secret files containing dossiers on campus radicals and anti-war leaders from police headquarters. Madison newspapers reported that Mayor Dyke had ordered Thomas to remove the files before Soglin—who was rumored to have been among those under surveillance—could see them. The city's new liberal police chief, David Couper, slapped a reprimand on the already departed Thomas, but said that the inspector had done nothing criminal.

Aside from the "Little Watergate," however, Soglin's assumption of office has been smoother than might be expected. Relations between police and the student community have shown particular improvement. On April 28, a handful of police kept a loose watch on a giant block party on Mifflin Street—almost exactly four years after a similar block party had resulted in clubbings, gassings and four days of rioting.

Furthermore, the new Mayor has begun delivering on some of his campaign promises. Within a week after his April 17th inauguration, Soglin announced that chances appeared excellent for obtaining federal assistance for the purchase of twenty-two new busses to accelerate Madison's mass transit system. Dyke had scornfully predicted that Soglin would never approach the strait-laced Washington bureaucracy properly, so Soglin was doubly pleased to make the announcement, although he still awaits final Department of Transportation approval of the funding.

Soglin's appointments to city administrative posts and commissions have satisfied all but his most extreme left- and right-wing critics. His first batch of appointees included 44 per cent women, 33 per cent central city (campus area) residents, and a quarter to a third labor representatives—far higher figures than his predecessor's. Some conservatives protested the "unrepresentative, Left-liberal" ideology of the new commission members, but Soglin pointed out that he must counterbalance the conservative holdovers from Dyke's administration.

One long-time Madison radical approached Soglin after a City Council meeting and complained that Soglin's appointments to the Library Board were not far enough to the Left. "The Library Board either censors or it doesn't censor," Soglin told him, "and my appointees won't censor."

Soglin did, however, please his student followers by appointing James Rowen, a 27-year-old former *Cardinal* staffer and *Nation* contributor, who had written numerous exposés on the University of Wisconsin's Army Mathematics Research Center, to the number-two position of administrative assistant. The *Cardinal*, fearful that Soglin was going to appoint liberal Democrat Sue Herbst to the post, congratulated Soglin for not "selling out." Herbst was named City Manpower Planner instead, and the liberals are not too dissatisfied with Rowen, who is Sen. George McGovern's son-in-law.

Whether Soglin will continue to keep the diverse factions of his "golden coalition" (as he put it election night) reasonably happy remains to be seen; but how did he put the whole thing together in the first place?

The skillful recruiting and organizing of his campaign managers, the credibility-lending endorsements of prominent local Democratic officeholders, and Dyke's overkill on the "decency" issue were extremely important ingredients. But the biggest factor in enlisting liberal and labor support was undoubtedly the process of political maturation that Soglin had personally undergone in his five years as alderman.

Soon after his election in 1968, Soglin realized that his seat on the City Council could be more than just a soapbox for radical anti-war sentiment. After five years of "doing his homework" conscientiously on the Council, he fully comprehended the issues he was dealing with—zoning, urban planning, property taxes—and he was able to offer radical solutions to a growing city's growing problems without making them sound unreasonable.

In a sense, then, Paul Soglin made his coalition possible by himself—with help from a lot of people. Too much distrust and tension among his supporters, however, could easily undo his administration.

Perhaps the most vivid insight into the "golden coalition's" future came from Soglin at a wild and woolly inaugural ball held two weeks after the election. The new Mayor stripped off his coat, tie and white dress shirt, revealing a silk-screened T-shirt emblazoned with a huge "M" and the words "Mellow Man" (a takeoff on his "mellowed" statement). To a laughing crowd, Soglin said, "It's going to take a lot of mellow men and women to put this city together over the next two years." It certainly will. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Poets in Crisis

THE ROUGH FIELD. *By John Montague. The Dolmen Press. 80 pp. Paper $3.25.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

One evening in Dublin, and a poor evening it was, John Montague, Thomas Kinsella and I sat in a crowded corner of Larry Murphy's pub on Baggot Street and talked, brooded rather, over the events that had that day begun to overwhelm the city and the country. It was Monday, January 31, 1972. The day before thirteen men had been shot down by British paratroops in the streets of Derry, Northern Ireland, and since morning the streets of Dublin had been filling with angry, sullen, frustrated citizens who toward nightfall began to converge in numbers upon the British Embassy around the corner from Murphy's on Merrion Square. While we sat there we could hear above the murmur of voices around us an occasional roar from the crowd outside as still another spectacular, but ineffective, petrol bomb bounced off the elegant façade of the embassy. (It was to be two days before the aim of the militants improved and the sad result of that was the ugly gutting of a lovely Georgian building.)

The frustration of the three of us in our corner was no less than that of the crowd outside, greater perhaps, since none of us, much for the same reason, could surrender himself to the simple relief, joy even, of mob violence, a kind of communal vengeance for the dead in Derry. Two Irish poets and an expatriate (nonpolitical) American professor, there was nothing we could think to *do* that would at all adequately express what we then felt. It was, I think, less painful for me than for Montague or Kinsella. An expatriate, no matter how long he has lived abroad, no matter how closely he has identified himself with the people among whom he has lived, comes eventually to realize that (unless he is poet or artist himself, for whom the process may be considerably more complicated) his "identity" is after all pretty much a matter of identification—not unlike the process by which a corpse is identified by scars and dental work, what has been put in and taken out of his head, what has been inflicted on and endured by the rest of him. After two years in Ireland I realized that all my scars were American, that they could not be easily reopened by what was then happening in the streets of Dublin as could, for example, those other and older wounds that marked Irishmen like Montague and Kinsella.

We talked about drafting a letter to be signed by the whole of the Irish intellectual community and addressed to, we were not quite sure, to some corresponding body in England. Let the letter say simply, one of them said, "Get out!" The idea of a letter was discarded. What action can be expected, I asked, of poets in a crisis that affects a whole people, poets included, like a personal affront? The question trailed off in a series of sardonic jests. Suppose, I said (in the spirit of the thing), one of you were to get yourself shot—suppose, to vary Yeats's line, you let poor words alone and were content to die. . . . In that case, said Montague, I'd yield to Kinsella—the better poet. We laughed and left it at that and in a little while drifted out again into Merrion Square where the action was, an action of which all three reluctantly disapproved.

But the question remained: what can be expected of poets as poets in a period of crisis? We have Auden's word for it, in his elegy on the death of Yeats, that "poetry makes nothing happen" and, by implication, that neither can it prevent anything from happening—a judgment derivable, if not in fact derived, from Oscar Wilde's observation that all art is completely useless. But I wonder if this is not to think of art and poetry too exclusively in terms of the marketplace or of the arena, political or historical. In the 18th century, when poetry was more public than it was generally allowed to be among the Romantic successors to the Augustans, Alexander Pope had defined poetry as "what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed," a definition implying that, however personal the sources or impulse of poetry, the poem itself is a public event capable of affecting men—more subtly perhaps but no less actually—as do those events set in motion by generals, politicians and financiers. How might it do so? By making articulate what was before unexpressed or inexpressible, by giving form to a complex of responses that had till then gone begging, by a refinement of the perceptions. Or, in terms of contemporary chat, it raises by still another fraction the level of consciousness, shows man to himself in ways that he might have suspected ("oft thought") but had never fully realized ("well expressed"), provides him with an articulated awareness of himself in relation both to himself and to the world of the non-ego. Within months of the Derry incident both Kinsella and Montague responded to the crisis by the publication of poems each of which, in different ways, is aware of itself as public utterance in this older mode of 18th-century poetry.

Thomas Kinsella's poem appeared first in the spring of 1972—and was reviewed in these pages shortly after. [See *The Nation*, June 5, 1972, p. 725.] *Butcher's Dozen: A Lesson for the Octave of Widgery* is not, it should be said, typical Kinsella. There is in it none of Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in tranquillity," there is in it little tranquillity at all. The poem's impact is as direct as a fist in the face, the tone not the quietly despairing but an uncommonly angry Kinsella, the voice not altogether his own but a bitter amalgam of those voices from the frustrated and infuriated crowd outside Larry Murphy's pub. It is authentically "the fury and the mire in human veins"; it is not authentic Kinsella in the sense that a poetic distance can be seen to lie between the occasion and the occurrence of the poem. It is rather like that letter which could not be drafted one evening on Baggot Street—a lesson addressed now not from one hypothetically select group to another but to and from the whole of the Irish community to itself. Its value begins, though it cannot be said to end, there.

The Rough Field by John Montague did not appear until some months later. Its provenance, though similar to, was not identical with *Butcher's Dozen*. "Although as the Ulster crisis broke," Montague writes, "I felt as if I had been stirring a witch's cauldron, I never thought of the poem as tethered to any particular set of events." He had in fact first conceived the work in the early 1960s and through the ensuing decade parts of it were to appear in a variety of Irish, European and American periodicals. But I think it fair to say that the

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Derry crisis spurred Montague to a final ordering of the work as it now stands, for he had felt even as that crisis was gathering momentum

the emerging order
of the poem invaded
by cries, protestations
a people's pain

It may strike some that this invasion, like that of the Normans into Ireland, was at least a partial success and that the order of the poem, the poet's most ambitious to date, is superimposed rather than natural or organic. But this is not quite the case. The poem is as meticulously crafted as the patterned spirals on an ancient Celtic tumulus, a pattern as comprehensible as it is ultimately inexplicable.

The title is taken from translation of the Irish name (*Garbh acaidh:* a rough field) of the place, Garvaghey, that the poet (who like De Valera had been born in Brooklyn) grew up in. The theme is that of return to Garvaghey, and to and through the past, a descent into personal history and into the history of that place, the one inextricably joined to the other not by those psychoanalytic ties which we have come to expect and accept but by a bond of *pietas,* a virtue we have all but forgotten. (Or which we despise as the refuge of scoundrels when in a degenerate age it presents itself in the trappings of "patriotism.")

So the poem opens with a self-defining composition of place:

Rough Field in the Gaelic and rightly named
As setting for a mode of life that passes on:
Harsh landscape that haunts me,
Well and stone, in the bleak moors of dream,
With all my circling a failure to return.

And it draws to a close by circling back (successfully) upon itself:

Palmer's softly lit Vale of Shoreham commemorates it, or Chagall's lovers floating above a childhood village remote but friendly as Goldsmith's Auburn—

Harsh landscape that haunts me,
well and stone, in the bleak moors of dream
with all my circling a failure to return
to what is already going. . . .

And from beginning to end the poet, like Aeneas and Dante on other "returns," moves through shadows—Jamie MacCrystal, the Nialls, Billy Harbison, and all that circle of the dead whose blood he shared and who shared with him a knowledge of the place Garvaghey. But this underworld of memory holds more than the forms of neighbor and family: other renowned or notorious ghosts push into the poem out of the memory of a history larger than that which circumscribes The Rough Field in the county Tyrone. Some of these get no farther than the margin of the poem where in frozen dated prose they comment on what is passing or has passed. Still others—living dead out of the dying present—burst directly into the poem itself:

DEAR BROTHER!
ECUMENISM *is* THE NEW NAME *of the*
WHORE OF BABYLON!
SHE *who* SHITS *on the* SEVEN HILLS
ONE CHURCH, ONE STATE
WITH THE POPE THE HEAD OF THE
STATE: BY RE-UNION
ROME MEANS ABSORPTION
UNIFORMITY MEANS TYRANNY
APISTS = PAPISTS
But GOD DELIGHTS IN VARIETY
NO *two leaves are* EXACTLY *alike!*

To make sense of this one has to know that Montague had got himself on the mailing list of an extreme Protestant organization in Ulster and "the only antidote I could find against such hatred," he writes, "was to absorb it into [the poem]." But it has not been absorbed; it has been interjected. A reader is shocked, as no doubt he was meant to be, by the brainless bigotry, but he may be no less offended that the poem should so far forget itself as to allow the intrusion of such stuff. It may have been an antidote for the poet, but it is a pain in the poem.

This, however, is a minor flaw that does not detract from Montague's real achievement, which is rooted in an almost Hopkinsesque involvement with the particularities of his native place:

Scattered over the hill, tribal
And placenames, uncultivated pearls.

For it is out of the land, impervious at last to all manner of men or ghosts, tribal or imperial, the land as dominion of nature alone, that this poetry takes its strength and its sweetness as naturally as do the native primrose and whitethorn. It is the particular pages of nature that the poet reads and from which he transcribes:

The whole landscape a manuscript
We had lost the skill to read,
A part of our past disinherited;
But fumbled, like a blind man,
Along the fingertips of instinct.

Poets alone perhaps have not wholly lost the skill. An instinct draws them back again to their own piece of earth which—because it is theirs and they, beyond thought, talk or analytics, belong to *it*—is resistant to every form of abstraction upon which the politicians, generals and financiers of the world have fed. It is the land ultimately that gives identity to a person or to a people—not parliaments, property, passion or psychoanalysis. And that is also what was once understood by the virtue of *pietas.*

Its beginnings go back to primal human loyalties—a hill, a stone, a cross:

I assert
a civilisation died here;
it trembles
underfoot where I walk these
small, sad hills:
it rears in my blood stream
when I hear
a bleat of Saxon condescension,
Westminster
to hell, it is less than these
strangely carved
five thousand year resisting stones,
that lonely cross.

The *pietas* that inform Montague's poem is something different, and more, than the troubling patriotism, if it may be called that, which one evening in Dublin brought an outraged Irish crowd down upon the British Embassy and sent two Irish poets and their American companion into a corner of Larry Murphy's pub. *Pietas* is not only more than patriotism, it is one of the grounds of poetry. It validates the individual voice as the communal voice, it is private and public at once. John Montague speaks with that voice in *The Rough Field,* and because the world itself is a rough field of somewhat larger compass than Garvaghey or the county Tyrone, its accents will be familiar to more than Irishmen. □

'Bleuler's Pupil'

LETTERS, Vol. I: 1906-1950. *By C. G. Jung. Selected and edited by Gerhard Adler in collaboration with Aniela Jaffé. Princeton University Press. 680 pp. $17.50.*

PAUL ROAZEN

The literature dealing with Jung is relatively scanty—certainly as compared with what scholars have done for Sigmund Freud. To be sure, Jung lacked Freud's profoundly original vision and his clarity as a writer; the Swiss thinker tends to appear muddled in his formulations. Nevertheless, in the history of modern psychotherapy Jung pioneered in short-term treatment, and clinical concepts of his which were considered by Freud as grounds for excommunication have now, sixty years later, quietly found their way back into orthodox psychoanalysis.

The publication of Jung's letters (in addition to this selection, *Letters, Vol. II: 1950-1961,* and a separate collection of the Freud-Jung correspondence will be brought out) should do much to help us

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In publishing the poem "Preciosa and the Wind" by Federico García Lorca, translated by Robert Bly, in our issue of May 28, acknowledgment was inadvertently omitted that publication was with permission of New Directions Publishing Corp., representing the estate of García Lorca.

evaluate Jung's place in modern thought. Unfortunately, biographical material is still relatively scarce, and one wishes that the Jung family would authorize an official biographer to fill the gap, as the Freuds did Ernest Jones. The Jung heirs have not released for publication Jung's letters to his family (the earliest, 1896, is to his mother, but most of them are to his wife). Jung was assailed by Freud's students for his timidity in shying away from Freud's theory of infantile sexuality, but Jung lived a far less sexually restricted life than Freud. A married man, for many years Jung had an affair with a psychiatrist and former patient of his, Antonia Wolff. After her death in 1953 Jung's letters to her were returned to him, and he destroyed them along with her letters to him.

Jung, who claimed to have treated Freud for a neurotic complaint, acknowledged the personal element in his break with Freud; as with other especially creative psychoanalysts, Jung's admiration for Freud eventually led to an attempt to be as independent as the master. Jung wrote in a 1909 letter that "it is a hard lot to have to work alongside the father creator." Although in later years Jung could at times acknowledge Freud's accomplishments, and even claim to have carried on in the best Freudian tradition, he could also seek to minimize his intellectual debt to the originator of psychoanalysis. "I would like to take this opportunity," he wrote in 1933, "to rectify the error that I come from the Freudian school. I am a pupil of Bleuler."

No better critique of Freud's excessive rationalism can be found than in the body of Jung's collected works; to Jung it seemed that the "intellect is a great sorcerer." He also contributed positive clinical concepts of his own to psychotherapy. Long before orthodox analysts could see the point, Jung argued that current anxieties are capable of reactivating infantile material. Besides, he was interested in other stages of the life cycle than the oedipal one. The first to insist on analysts themselves being analyzed as part of their training, Jung came to emphasize the importance of personal rapport between patient and analyst. "Faced with the patient, you see at once, if you are not totally blinded, that all theorizing is absurd. Everything depends on how you strike the patient as a human being. In the end the personality is the most powerful therapeutic agent."

Yet for all his independence in trying to treat schizophrenia, and his stress on the importance of helping neurotic patients with problems of philosophic meaning, Jung could correct a disciple's overzealousness: "You wanted to help, which is an encroachment upon the will of others. Your attitude ought to be that of one who offers an opportunity that can be taken or rejected." Far less suspicious of the unconscious than Freud, indeed sometimes Pollyanna-ish in his emphasis on the mind's compensatory functions, Jung concluded that "symptoms are always justified and serve a purpose."

Like other Central European intellectuals of his era (including Freud), Jung felt compelled to speak out prophetically on social and cultural matters. His correspondence, however, came to be increasingly with pastors and theologians; many of the letters are dull and verbose. (Whatever Freud's faults he is rarely boring.) Nevertheless, some of Jung's clinical vignettes are wonderfully alive.

After Hitler came to power, Jung accepted the leadership of a German psychiatric association, in what he described as an attempt to protect psychotherapy there. Continuing to live in Switzerland during this time, he helped numerous Jewish therapists escape to England and elsewhere. Jung had described some of the characteristics of Freud's psychoanalysis as Jewish, but complained that "the mere fact that I speak of a difference between Jewish and Christian psychology suffices to allow anyone to voice the prejudice that I am an anti-Semite." At the same time Jung allowed his comments on the differences between Jewish and "Aryan" psychology to appear in an article published in Nazi Germany. The closeness of Jung's distinction to the Nazi one between "Jewish science" and "German science" is chilling. Jung tried to hold dissenting Dutch psychiatrists within his psychiatric association based in Germany, yet it is hard to admire the principle Jung invoked of the apolitical and neutral character of psychiatry, when the political regime was Hitler's. But despite this collaboration with the Nazis, which has inevitably damaged Jung's historical standing, his genuine contributions to intellectual life deserve to be acknowledged. □

Paul Roazen is the author of Freud: Political and Social Thought *and of* Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk *(both Vintage), and editor of* Freud, *to be published by Prentice-Hall. He teaches political theory at York University in Toronto.*

The Augustinian as Liberal

REINHOLD NIEBUHR: Prophet to Politicians. *By Ronald H. Stone. Abingdon Press. 288 pp. $8.*

RICHARD W. FOX

No modern thinker had a greater impact on postwar American liberalism than the theologian and political commentator Reinhold Niebuhr. Liberals from Hans Morgenthau and George Kennan to McGeorge Bundy, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and even Hubert Humphrey have effusively registered their debt to his "realistic" understanding of the "nature and destiny of man." As Bundy put it in 1963, Niebuhr was "probably the most influential single mind in the development of American attitudes which combine moral purpose with a sense of political reality." "He was," in the terse summation of George Kennan, "the father of all of us."

Liberals found in Niebuhr, who presided over the first convention of the ADA in 1947, a passionate and tireless voice for the view that the older liberalism of Dewey and the Social Gospel was naive about human nature and about social power. Both strands of the old liberalism ignored the obdurateness of entrenched power in society and neglected the abiding pridefulness in man's soul—the one relying sentimentally upon love and good will, the other upon intelligent social planning for the solution of human problems. Both assumed history to be an arena of progressive movement toward either redemption or enlightenment. Niebuhr injected into the debate a new realism about power: a recognition that every individual is dominated, more than his reason will admit, by self-interest, by the will to power; an awareness that organized, conflicting centers of power are permanent features of society; and a willingness to use power, "unsenti-

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mentally," to establish or maintain a just balance among contending groups in the national and international spheres.

Ronald Stone has now given us the first full-length, scholarly study of Niebuhr's thought and career. Stone was Niebuhr's colleague at Union Theological Seminary in the final years before the latter's death in 1971; it is clear from this volume that he was also his very admiring disciple. Discipleship need not undermine scholarship, but in this case it does. Stone concentrates almost entirely on the exposition of Niebuhr's ideas, only occasionally subjecting them to analysis and even more rarely to criticism.

Stone begins promisingly by distinguishing four periods of Niebuhr's career, in each of which Niebuhr had a different relationship with "liberalism": his initially liberal period from World War I to the depression; his Marxism and then his Christian realism of the 1930s and early 1940s—in which he was highly critical of liberalism—and his "pragmatic liberal" synthesis of the postwar period. The advantage of such a schema is its ability to convey the dominant "style" of Niebuhr's career: his adaptability, his responsiveness to events. But that presentation necessarily exaggerates the distinctiveness of each period. Thus Stone overestimates Niebuhr's devotion to Marxism in the 1930s and underestimates his reliance during that period on a theologically based critique of "political religions" (communism, fascism and "liberal utopianism"). Niebuhr's work in the 1930s was not only continuous with his later pragmatic liberalism but a gradual elaboration of it; it came into focus at the beginning, not at the end, of the war.

A further difficulty with Stone's approach is that he treats Niebuhr *in vacuo*; one has no sense of the context of his thought and action. Niebuhr's thought in the late 1930s, for example, can only be understood in the context of the general crisis at which liberal thought had arrived in 1936. Having developed in response to domestic economic breakdown at the beginning of the decade, it was unprepared for the international moral and political breakdown manifested in the rise of fascism. The resulting Popular Front ideology, based on haphazard and theoretically empty slogans like "progress" and "unity," could not fill the vacuum in liberal thought. Niebuhr's work in the late 1930s and early 1940s was part of a general effort by social thinkers as diverse as Dewey, Lewis Mumford, Sidney Hook and Waldo Frank to formulate a new foundation—a new "faith"—to undergird democratic civilization.

The uniqueness of Niebuhr's formulation emerges in sharp relief when placed in that context; his theology and his political analysis, which Stone does not closely relate, are nevertheless organically connected. As Niebuhr defined his theological enterprise in 1935, it was the effort to preserve and elaborate the central "myths" of Christianity and to establish the truth value of myth in general. "The genius of true myth," he argued, was to "suggest the dimension of depth in reality," which the rational faculties, or "science," dealing only with the "surface of nature and history," obscured. In *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932) he had made a similar argument in discussing political action. "Contending factions in a social struggle require morale, and morale is created by the right dogmas, symbols, and emotionally potent oversimplifications." Such oversimplifications, whether in politics or religion, were a necessary, though admittedly dangerous, means of inspiring a vital, active faith. It was dangerous because myth "invariably falsifies the facts of history, as seen by science, to state its truth." Still, the vocation of Christians, in the phrase of St. Paul, was to be "as deceivers, yet true."

Yet Niebuhr's legitimation of deceptive, emotionally potent symbols, developed initially to serve the "industrial workers, who will have to believe rather more firmly in the justice and probable triumph of their cause than any impartial science would give them the right to believe," was highly adaptable. It could likewise be put at the service of national unity when it became apparent to him by 1938 that the primary threat to democracy was not the "plutocrats" but "external barbarism." After 1938 Niebuhr increasingly devoted his considerable energies as a "dramatist," or "myth maker," to the cause of domestic social order—as a means of defense first against Nazism, then against Soviet communism. Here lies much of Niebuhr's attraction for the "realist" liberals of the postwar period. They appreciated him not only for his philosophical insights into man's nature—their expressed reason for rendering praise—but also for his talent in producing and conveying potent symbols capable of inspiring devotion to "democratic civilization." No matter that Niebuhr's own patriotism was much more critical and "prophetic" than that of most liberals. His myths of "the children of light and children of darkness," of "Anglo-Saxon destiny," of "adolescent" America confronted with "cynical" Nazis and Stalinists—all were of enormous utility in the erection of the postwar, anti-Communist liberalism of what Schlesinger, with something of Niebuhr's faculty for effective advocacy by means of an attractive phrase, named "the vital center." □

Solzhenitsyn—Writing as a Lost Art (Part II)

EMILE CAPOUYA

This is the second part of an essay the first section of which appeared in The Nation *of June 18.*

If sober art tells us true things, and madness tells us true things, how do we distinguish one from the other? The test is in a sense statistical. The insights that the artist's audience ratifies at once are, by definition, the fruits of sobriety. The insights that are rejected, that bring their author obloquy and persecution, are mad. Vision out of place, conscience out of place, are statistically speaking abnormal, or, as we say, mad. In fact, as is now notorious, some instances of this phenomenon are treated as literal insanity in the Soviet Union: the sufferer is confined to a madhouse in the hope of bringing him to his senses. Perhaps, if we were to look closely, we should descry the same custom in our own country—but we should have to wait for a season of serious political dissent in order to observe it at its height.

One anomaly of the statistical test for madness or sanity in matters of prophetic art is that the statistics themselves are at the mercy of historical currents. To begin with, even the appearance, the outward seeming of madness is contingent upon the temper of the time and place in which it displays itself. Solzhenitsyn's calm refusal to honor the claims of the Soviet state looks mad to all of his countrymen who are sane. However, it looks sane to most Americans, simply because they have no prepossession in favor of the Soviet state. But it must be added that even in his own country, as has been reported, Solzhenitsyn has adherents and devoted friends—madmen by Soviet standards, sane by ours. Now,

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it is just here that the ambiguity of the statistical test becomes intellectually embarrassing. Most of Solzhenitsyn's fellow citizens, who are united in thinking him mad, have never had an opportunity to read his opinions expressed in his own words; they have arrived at their judgment of him on the basis of hearsay. It is at least theoretically possible that if they were permitted to read his books, the number of his friends and adherents might grow to such an extent that the question of his madness would become moot. It is conceivable that the majority might decide that he was sane, and then he would be regarded by his countrymen much as he is regarded by ours.

Or perhaps not. For the sake of perspective, let us suppose that Solzhenitsyn were to come among us and practice his art on our account. Would it not immediately be apparent that he was mad, just as his countrymen maintain? But what of the possibility that great numbers of readers, under our milder government, would have access to his works, and might find his views reasonable? I think that would suggest either that Solzhenitsyn had lost his gift or that they could not read very well. For we are in the presence of an unforgiving spiritual law, a Planck's Constant of literature. We really are no different in that respect from the citizens of the Soviet Union—it would be unscientific to imagine that we were. If the prophet comes among us we must either reject him or bolt him whole, relying on our powers of assimilation to nullify his poison.

These clarifications, prosaic as they are, have to be made before we can get a reasonable view of the nature of Solzhenitsyn's art. There is a similar case closer to home, that of Ignazio Silone, who offers a close parallel in the West to Solzhenitsyn in the East. So far as I know, he is accounted mad only in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, for he had the misfortune to seriously displease the Soviet Central Committee more than forty years ago. Nevertheless, he has been practicing his art among us very nearly since that time, first in Switzerland, then in Italy, and he has traveled freely in the West, and his books are everywhere translated and read. How has he escaped the imputation of madness among the very people to whom he prophesies?

For he has been saying all along things that are statistically aberrant, things that no one of any account among us is likely to say, things that qualify as visionary and may very easily be traduced as insane. The early novel, *Fontamara*, gives a picture of the life of impoverished Italian peasants in the Abruzzi, and strongly implies that their poverty is of the kind we now call "structural"—that is, they are poor so that other people can be rich. The individual histories of his characters suggest to us as well that it is very painful to be oneself a part of the machine that enriches others; one is ground to death in the process. In a final passage of the novel an old peasant reports to the narrator the latest catastrophes of the kind, hinting that flesh cannot bear them—and indeed we feel that it cannot. The peasant asks, literally, Lenin's question, "What can we do?" He asks it several times. The book's last words are, "What can we do?" This blatant tract, which is also a high expression of moral and historical imagination, argues powerfully (without deigning to state the thesis) the moral necessity of a revolution against capitalist society—or, to speak more in Silone's manner, for he detests abstract language, against the rule of the rich.

In the West, novels are read for the most part by persons who are not Italian peasants, nor American dirt farmers, nor laborers, nor factory workers, but who can be described reasonably enough as beneficiaries of capitalism: they were born with or acquired the money that buys cultivation. In ordinary times, a call to revolution against the rule of the rich strikes them as being, at very least, in bad taste. (I have arrived at this truth by observing the evolution of my own sentiments in the matter.) How did it happen that *Fontamara*, that tasteless sermon, was not rejected by the reading public but was eagerly taken up and translated into many languages, so that its author became famous throughout the world? Now, since human beings are not all of a piece, a conscientious answer would have to be long and complex. But without suggesting that we are all either fools or knaves, there is a short answer that goes like this: The nations were then preparing for World War II, and for reasons that reflect no particular credit on any country, the line-up was the Axis powers on one side and the Soviet Union and the Western democracies on the other. *Fontamara*, published while the author was in exile from his native country, was construed to be an indictment of Italian fascism, despite Silone's open *parti pris*, not against fascism but against money, which is the political system of the West. Silone enjoyed protective coloration, the color of the scales over his readers' eyes. (He also had readers who were Communists or who sympathized with communism—but these were unaware of the fact that money is the political system of the East as well, and did not feel threatened. In any case, they were relatively few.)

Thereafter, Silone published *Bread and Wine*. By that time, as a result of his own experience as a Communist militant, he had concluded that while the rule of the rich was certainly wicked, the appropriate revolution was not likely to come from Moscow, which was as adept at fraud as Rome or London, and much less restrained in its treatment of the poor. *Bread and Wine* is the story of a member of the Communist underground in Italy who is in the process of arriving at that realization. He is hunted by the Fascist authorities, and he is not exactly *persona grata* with the functionaries of his own party, who are clever at spotting the signs of disaffection or original thought. The novel is a collection of cranky instances of the humanity of human beings. (Silone does not assert that men are naturally good. He suggests that they are human, i.e., that they long to do better than they do.) The literary texture composed by those cranky persons is so rich that it is quite enough to support the novel—and several subsequent ones, in which the author repeats essentially the same story: *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, *A Handful of Blackberries*, *The Secret of Luke*. The novels differ in that each one corresponds to a further stage in the evolution of Silone's political philosophy. Together they represent the transition from advocacy of the dictatorship of the proletariat to a belief in the dictatorship of no one, from doctrinal atheism to a preoccupation with

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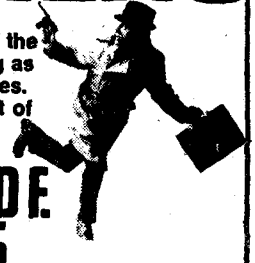

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the religious spirit at odds with institutionalized religion, from faith in the heroic gestures of revolutionary militants to faith in the revolutionary power of honesty, humility and manliness. The capstone of that transition accomplished over forty years of writing and reflection is *The Story of a Humble Christian* (properly, "The Story of a Poor Christian"), which is the passion play of Christian anarchism.

Silone no longer enjoys quite the vogue he once did, but people are not throwing stones at him either—and yet he has consistently done what he could to deserve stoning. To simplify, again, immediately after World War II his Italian readers were inclined to be annoyed with him for having been right about such things as the Abyssinian war and the campaign to get the trains to run on time through the application of castor oil. They showed it by declaring that he was no stylist, and indeed he does not know how to be brilliant, ornate, grandiose or prettily sentimental—all qualities that were valued during the latest period of Italian imperial ambition. But Silone's fellow countrymen began to come round when they learned that he was held in esteem in the other countries of the West. That favor did not so much honor the Thoreauvian cast of his intransigence, his unreconstructed candor, as recognize his early recantation of his Communist faith. The high tide of popularity for Silone followed the appearance of *The God that Failed*, a collection of autobiographical essays assembled by Stephen Spender, in which a number of literary notables explained how they had come to be disillusioned with revolutionary Marxism. Silone was one of these, and his story was more than creditable. But for the purpose of the cold war it made no difference that he had simply been acting his ornery self when he deserted the Russians, leaving them because they had become unmistakably counterrevolutionary. We were not then concerned so much with revolution as with Russia, and our enemy's enemy must be our friend. It seems to me that he has been parading ever since in the uniform of anti-communism, not by choice but because that is the costume our imagination lends him. And all the while he has been teaching a doctrine prejudicial to good order—namely, that the stockyard is not run for the good of the cattle, and is generally built convenient to the slaughterhouse. That doctrine, enunciated more and more flatly as Silone has become aware of the impenetrability of his disguise, has had no takers and has been socially harmless in consequence. I have never heard that his books have been removed from high-school libraries, nor that he has been denied a visa by the State Department. The man is a walking plague, but we have been immunized.

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Alexander Solzhenitsyn seems to me to be just such a case, harmless on condition that we misunderstand him. For instance, he has written that a great writer is like a second government, and that suggestion should be of the greatest interest to us for its subversive implications. But so far we have received the saying in its narrowest bearings only. We have been quick to assume that Solzhenitsyn is making a topical allusion, referring to his own case, to his own history of persecution by a clumsily tyrannical government, and to the serene courage that he has shown in maintaining his right. It is natural enough that we should interpret him in just that way, since he is himself so clear an example of a moral center of gravity independent of the authority of the Soviet state. And there is no reason to suppose that Solzhenitsyn sees his conduct in any other light, that he is not perfectly aware of having asserted values that contradict those officially subscribed to in his country—and even more, those tacitly accepted and acted upon in its public affairs.

And yet, Solzhenitsyn did not say, "I am a second government." Not that he is at all averse to saying "I." In his controversies with the Writers' Union, in his public statements generally, he has been quick to subscribe to his own opinions, speaking habitually in the first person. And when that usage is uncalled for, his signature is still bold in every line. When the censor demanded that he write God with a small letter, in keeping with the official atheism of the state, he rejected the demand as "vulgar." The censor could scarcely be expected to understand, for his trade demands a degree of insensibility. But the expression is in this context sublime—and absolutely characteristic.

Given his habitual willingness to take responsibility for his own ideas, it is plain that Solzhenitsyn did not say, "I am a second government," because he did not mean to glance particularly at his own case. Instead he was framing a law, and he chose the impersonal construction that would best express its general nature. While we have understood him to be opposing heroic claims to the dictates of the ruling class in the Soviet Union, he has been taking his heroism for granted and aiming instead at a general truth.

But it is just about inevitable that we should mistake his meaning. To begin with, Solzhenitsyn is so patently a great man, as distinct from what we conceive a great writer to be; we are not in the habit of associating the two. We know well enough that a great man is above referring every idea or event to himself. But the persons who pass for great writers among us have been doing just that for decades—it is the basis and perhaps the sum of their art. It is hard for us to accept the possibility of a talented writer who is not a peacock or a clown, because that goes contrary to our experience of the breed. Some months ago, an interview with Solzhenitsyn appeared in one of our great newspapers, and the reporter wrote that at one point a photograph was proposed, and Solzhenitsyn assented. He had been smiling, but now he turned grave. In response to the suggestion that he assume a little decent hilarity for the camera, he made an astounding statement: "A writer should look serious when being photographed." That remark annihilated journalism as we practice it, and extinguished contemporary American literature, though our newspapers and novelists have not found it out yet. Who does he think he is? Solzhenitsyn, apparently. Doesn't he understand that his life has no real connection with him, but is taking place somewhere else, possibly on television? No, he does not. He once said that a man who had been abused as he had been no longer had anything to fear from the state; it had done its worst against him. That was a brave lie—he

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has a wife and two sons. Except that he was not making a sociological observation. He was announcing his program.

How distant all this is from the literature of hysteria and the persons who contribute to it. They are not to blame. They have been set to making bricks without straw.

At bottom, we have misunderstood Solzhenitsyn because the assertion that a great writer is a second government is at odds with our conception of art. He is echoing a sentiment that has become unintelligible to us since the time Shelley uttered it: Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of mankind. That is, literature convicts the law of bias, statesmen of greed and self-aggrandizement, government—any government—of being the machinery of oppression, invest it with what mystical trappings we will. But what an odd function for literature! Reducing it to prophecy. How could literature, so defined, be knowingly distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club? It would not be fanciful, ingenious, arresting, decorous, titillating, spooky, scabrous, learned, self-assertive, indulgent, conservative, radical, absorbing, amusing, entertaining, or just fun. An author intent on any of these things can certainly afford to smile for the camera. An author who has the crabbed notion that literature is prophecy will smile only at another human face. Solzhenitsyn has proclaimed the dissolution of the Soviet Government, the Chinese Government, the American Government. The first two we do not care about, and we did not catch his reference to the third. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Mike Nichols' production of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* at the new Circle in the Square establishment, which I saw at a preview, is a *scattered* affair. This designation has, to begin with, an architectural significance. I am not at all sure how the playing area could have been more suitably arranged in the oblong space of the Circle's theatre, but I am certain that Tony Walton's use of it is bad for the play. The actors, for the most part, are obliged to address one another from unnaturally long distances. The "stage" is a long hall giving no sense of place, certainly not any sort of dwelling. The characters are seen in a void; no sense of intimacy is created. And intimacy is essential to the proper projection of the Chekhovian tone.

Yet on further reflection I begin to doubt that the impression of scatteredness was chiefly the result of the production's physical environment. There is something wrong in the whole basic conception.

To make the play appear "natural," it is pitched in a low key. Its people are rendered as ordinary, commonplace folk. This may be considered right because Chekhov is a realist and his personages are members of the educated middle class. But the characters in *Uncle Vanya* are *not* "ordinary"; they are yearners and dreamers. The fact that they are crushed by their isolation in a province without broad outlook or opportunity makes their yearnings and dreams the more poignant. What we must feel besides their sadness and futility is that most of them are beautiful people. They are soulful and loving, which is why their social situation is so touching.

These "scenes from country life" (Chekhov's subtitle) are envisioned in a mood of muted lyricism. In the Russia where only the wealthy and the higher ranks of officialdom were favored with freedom of movement, the central figures of *Uncle Vanya* aspire and desire beyond the impasse of their gloomy surroundings. Without lyricism—all the more acute through its suppression—*Uncle Vanya* is only a wry comedy of frustration. But it is something more and other than that.

Ivan Voinitsky (Vanya) is an idealist who has sacrificed any opportunity for a full life in order to serve the career of his brother-in-law, a professor of art whom in his youth he thought a genius. But after years of such service he has come to realize that the person for whom he has so dutifully slaved is a selfish mediocrity. When Vanya cries out in desperation that he might have been a Dostoevsky or a Schopenhauer he knows that he is talking nonsense, but even this absurdity marks him as a man of refined spirit.

His friend, Dr. Astrov, hard-pressed by his practice, harbors a deep feeling for the Russian land slowly being despoiled by industrialism. He is genuinely distressed by the cutting down of the forests and trees; and on this account alone he is considered "odd." Voinitsky and Astrov are virtually the only enlightened and intelligent men of the vicinity. Because both lack an echo in their dismal society they have become morose and "cynical." Still, we note that Vanya despises both wordy liberalism and a studied pessimism, while the doctor for all his bitterness speaks of a happier day for mankind in the future. Despite their downheartedness a fullness of life sings in the deeps of their consciousness.

Vanya is in love with his brother-in-law's second wife, the young and beautiful Elena, and Astrov, lonely bachelor that he is, lusts after her. But she is available to neither of them because, without training in anything useful and without the courage to express her womanliness, she is servile to the conventions of her class. But even she responds to Astrov's visionary instincts. She too longs, albeit lamely, for an untrammeled life where positive accomplishment and adventure are possible.

Around these central figures there stand Telyegin (nicknamed "Waffles" because he is pockmarked), a trustful innocent incapable of sustained anger or of seeing evil, and the old family nurse, the earthy embodiment of Christian patience, kindness and honest toil. Only the professor is without virtue, that is, without humility or care for others. But he too feels cheated because, despite his having worked his way from poverty to honored academic standing, he has been deprived of success and fame. There is also the adorable Sonya, the professor's daughter by his first wife, Vanya's sister, a girl hopelessly in love with Astrov who no longer thinks of the possibility of marriage.

Chekhov's sober view of his characters makes us see them as rather feckless and often funny, but his compassion spares them from mockery. His is an essen-

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PRINTS

What a clutter man has left behind,
and mine I place beside
the margin of the road,
and here an incomparable design
clean set,
signifying a burden of its own.

Archie Minasian

tially kindly art: he loves his people and helps us understand what is lovable in them. His understanding makes us kin to their humanity and, if the word is not excessive, to their *poetry*. The production fails to sound this essential lyric note.

Yet the cast is splendid. Nicol Williamson's Vanya is his most sympathetic performance. As acting it is first rate. His last moments when the heartbroken Vanya resumes his petty duties as the manager of the professor's estate are truly moving. But the interpretation of the role overemphasizes Vanya's weakness, his fumbling inadequacy, so that he very nearly becomes loutish. This renders Vanya more laughable than worthy; we do not see enough of the man's potential for honorable achievement, without which the play loses much of its point.

George Scott's Astrov, too, is remarkable for its forceful simplicity. Scott is one of the few American actors able to convey a mature manliness. Yet the Astrov who arouses in Elena a sense of his stature as a creative being is missing—not because Scott is unable to transmit this but because the humdrum realism, the denial of lyric afflatus in the characterization and in the production as a whole, robs him of the opportunity to be more than a sensible, thoughtful, but most of all a defeated and depressed doctor. Everything tends toward deflating the play's soulfulness and making it only intelligently "down to earth." The result is a picture of people gone to seed, but not people of the finest fiber, whose decline is a subject of intense sorrow.

In this reading (and also, I repeat, because of the disadvantageous scenic arrangement) Lillian Gish's nurse and Conrad Bain's Waffles become neglected "supernumeraries," whereas they are essential to the play's atmosphere and meaning. Elizabeth Wilson, an excellent actress who plays well, is not young enough for 20-year-old Sonya. She comes across as an old maid rather than as a healthy, vigorous, loving girl victimized by her father's insensibility and the constriction of the lonely province where there are no men who deserve her. Julie Christie acts Elena correctly and looks lovely in a miniature way, but her scenes lack body, as if Elena were only a peg for Vanya and Astrov to hang their hats on. Barnard Hughes as the professor hardly registers and Cathleen Nesbitt is only a vague presence as Vanya's mother; the role is intended to suggest the arid pseudo-progressivism which gives her son no maternal sustenance in his unhappiness: she fills the long hours of her life reading empty political tracts and reveres only the bootless academicism which produces professors of windy learning.

The production in other words possesses little aesthetic consistency because its elements are not integrated in a realization of Chekhov's sense of life. We see the waste but not the treasures that have been wasted and yet somehow still exist. The direction in several instances makes good jokes, but they are trivial in view of the play's total context. Yet the evening I saw the play the audience seemed immensely pleased by it. Perhaps it was glad to know that Chekhov's people are not very different from ourselves. But they are different; their souls ache because their dreams are deeper and more humane than ours. Most of us are feeble in aspiration, merely "sick." □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

The Art Dealers' Association exists mainly to confer prestige on the trade by simulating the demeanor of a profession. Fourteen ADA members, however, collaborated on a common group exhibition in the first half of June, a "New Talent Festival." All the shows were uptown (between 84th and 57th Streets) and the occasion was surely a reaction to the success of the downtown cooperative galleries, where the best new artists have shown up recently.

Various definitions of new and of talent were revealed by the galleries. Some merely scheduled regular one-man shows by new artists, but that is a slack use of the idea of discovery implicit in new-talent exhibitions. Both the Frank Rehn and Poindexter Galleries did this and half of Gimpel and Weitzenhoffer was devoted to a one-man show, while the other artists were represented by small samples and the best of these, Andrée Golbin, was put behind the receptionist's desk. The Willard Gallery was dominated by William Pettit, a Lyrical Abstractionist who has never been short of exposure: apparently the gallery is not aware of enough *new* talent to make a full show. Other dealers took more seriously the problem raised by the fact that more artists have appeared and are appearing than can be absorbed by galleries which more or less filled up in the 1960s.

Anybody who went to all the galleries saw close to eighty artists. Before asking questions about the quality of the galleries' choices, let me record a few notes on artists who caught my attention as I worked my way from 57th Street in the morning to the 80s in the afternoon. There was a good mixed bag at Betty Parsons, of whom I liked two artists particularly, Richard Francisco and Tom Nozkowski. Francisco does delicate wall constructions, Cornell-size and under, using found materials often so worn and weathered that a sense of great time is evoked by the frail present object. Nozkowski works on the floor, scattering sprayed pebbles on cloth or plastic sheets; the sense of natural distribution combined with bright toylike colors makes a strange interplay of found and invented elements. Another good group show was at A. M. Sachs, where Jackie Ferrara had two towers, one made of identical units, one of diminishing forms. In both cases the units, made of recycled cotton batting, are supported by their own weight, producing an effect of porous monumentality. Beryl Barr-Sharrar showed a large Abstract painting which effectively stated alternatives to the exhausted simplicities of Color Field Painting: her color opens out into a complex illusory space and the sensitive multidirectional lines of her drawing congregate into an almost biomorphic image. Jillian Denby showed nudes, well-painted, but her pictures as a whole are vitiated by affected compositions which impose a dainty pattern on the clearly seen forms.

At the Bonino Gallery were three painters, two of them making large but mild Abstractions: Joyce Cole does a form of gentle Op art (no flash, just a shimmy) and Fred Guyot seems to have taken Man Ray's "The Rope Dancer Accompanies Herself with Her Shadows," 1916, and made it a recipe for dry, schematic surface illusions. Janet Stayton is better, with high-keyed whimsical interiors containing funny objects; one's only reservation is that other users of frivolous Metaphysical Painting in the United States (Kerig Pope, William Wiley) have got nowhere with it and will she?

The painters at the Midtown Galleries tended to a kind of formalized figurative

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manner; the physiognomy of the medium and the reference to nature were usually not reciprocal, so that one's attention tended to fluctuate between the thick paint or decorative contour on one hand, and the transcribed scene on the other. However, Reginald Case, an interesting artist, was represented by two big dry-textured still-life paintings, but his sculpture (not shown) is better. Tibor de Nagy presented the most artists, twelve, but the effect of the show was not of pluralistic optimism but of someone trying to fill all the chinks in the house before winter comes.

The best show of the "festival" was at the Zabriskie Gallery, partly because of the clear influence of downtown co-operatives. Although only Maude Boltz actually shows in SoHo (at the A.I.R. Gallery), Michelle Stuart and Mia Westerlund could easily appear, on stylistic grounds, in downtown co-ops. Boltz's forms are derived from rope ladders and hammocks, visibly knotted, wrapped with shreds of dyed materials. They are sculptural, not by virtue of monolithic solidarity or feats of lifting and suspension (like the metal sculpture of the 1940s), but by the purposeful extension of the natural manual acts of wrapping, knotting, hanging. Michelle Stuart showed drawings in series in which dense indeterminate fields are measured by fine continuous cross lines or tagged by strings fixed at regular intervals to the surface. There is a Whistlerian delicacy in the tones, combined with the precision of a display console in the Launch Control Center at Kennedy Space Center. Mia Westerlund has a tough capacity to use fiberglass, as in two big shaggy columns fallen across a corner of the gallery and in scratchy striated floor pieces.

One of the four artists at Terry Dintenfass, Nancy Hagin, interested me very much. She showed still life in slightly expanded environmental settings. In a few paintings she exaggerated reflections in a Photo Realist way, but where her straight regard of objects is undisturbed, as in three paintings of plants against a rippled glass window, she is first-rate. The Martha Jackson Gallery had a group of average Abstract artists, for the most part, except for Lynton Wells who withdrew from the show. At least this gallery published an announcement reproducing work by each artist: every other gallery, except Rehn, economized. At the Forum (which reportedly began the new talent program) there was a group of sober realist painters, one of whom, Alan Evans Feltus, does beguiling post-Picasso, post-John Graham figures of neo-classic blandness. Finally, at the Krauschaar Galleries were four artists, of whom Daniel O'Sullivan is interesting the closer he gets to realism and the further he stays away from heavy references to process and fragmentation.

On the whole the "New Talent Festival" was worth while, revealing a number of artists not known or not well known enough. I think especially of Beryl Barr-Sharrar, Maude Boltz, Jillian Denby, Jackie Ferrara, Richard Francisco, Nancy Hagin, Tom Nozkowski and Michelle Stuart. On the other hand, many of the galleries appear to be set in their ways and short of information about new artists. According to a press release, the ADA plans "to make the New Talent Festival an annual event"; if so, the galleries should spend the time between now and next year getting better acquainted with the art scene and not copping out with one-man shows.

My reservations, however, do not mean that I condone Max Hutchinson who, concurrently with the ADA, put on an exhibition called "Newer Talent." The title is a cheap gesture in relation to the other galleries, but what I really object to is the competition it tries to initiate among artists by setting up one group as "more new" than others. However, his exhibition can be viewed as part of the "festival," even if a parasitic part. The best of his five artists was Michelle Stuart (also at Zabriskie). In particular I admired "Chasm," a sequence of dark graphite drawings sundered by a continuous soft-edged meander line. □

PERSONALS

A boxer complained that while he was distracted worrying about something, his opponent knocked him out. He was mentally in his Gamma (Theta) zone, when he should have been in his Beta zone.

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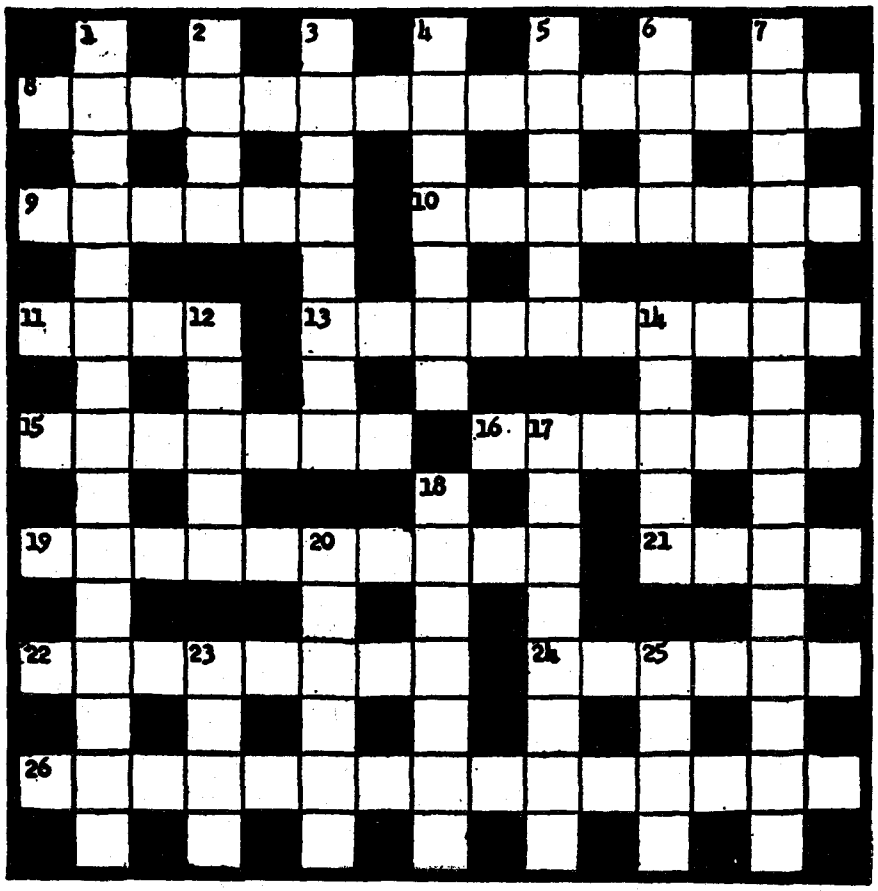

ACROSS

8 If told to, one might suggest a coterie. (8,1,6)
9 Towering and tapering. (6)
10 This cost might be associated with the kilt. (8)
11 Such a rate of speed could easily be tied. (4)
13 Refuting a claim that crime does not pay, though it might be a few sing so. (5,2,3)
15 A short way to travel, but certainly not side-saddle. (7)
16 A swallow might be expected to take a little longer to come down with one. (7)
19 The disturbance of water tells where the money might be. (4,6)
21 Hands back, colloquially, in exchange. (4)
22 Shine, to a degree, when on the verge of flight, possibly. (8)
24 Perhaps a good spirit—one in several species most likely. (6)
26 Does a purely theoretical professor run around in them? (8,7)

DOWN

1 One might expect a bank to, and maintain a sense of uprightness. (4,4,7)
2 Reputedly the object of a very healthy jester? (4)
3 Puffed out, despite the account being evidently unsettled. (8)
4 One might give advice that dinner on board takes time. (7)
5 Strangely cast, or naturally so? (6)
6 The fox, and especially the turkey, might not now be seen so much. (4)
7 Big name pictures like "Ulysses," or perhaps just displayed by some of the 5 therein? (7,8)
12 An area of the city Roland discovered? (5)
14 Appears to be increasingly weaker standards. (5)
17 Certainly not a stand-out piece of jewelry. (8)
18 The fundamental principle of giving the cradle a shake? (7)
20 Symbols of an intimate unseen relation. (6)
23 One might with 11 in a round-off. (4)
25 Are the people there mainly French and fastidious? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1494

ACROSS: 1 Traffic light; 9 Disc brakes; 10 Inns; 11 Jettison; 12 Unduly; 13 Elemi; 15 Danseuse; 16 Decapoda; 19 Roric; 21 Ironer; 22 Remedial; 24 Owls; 25 Poor second; 26 Arctic Circle. DOWN: 2 Raised eyebrows; 3 and 23 Face the music; 4 Idris; 5 Likened; 6 Gas burner; 7 Twiddle; 8 English Channel; 14 Isotropic; 17 Amnesia; 18 A priori; 20 Reducer.

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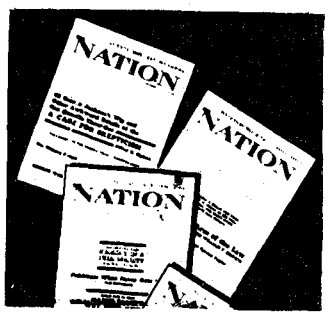

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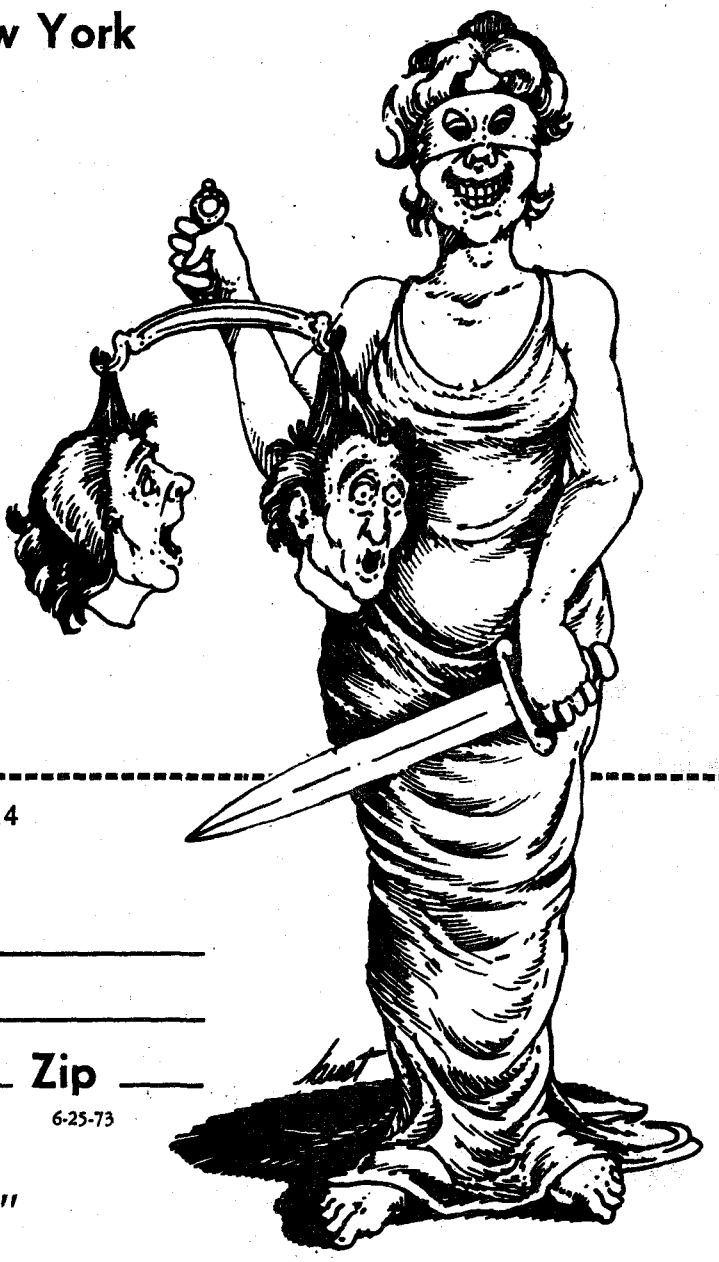

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